

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER

STAR

PLEASURE & PROFIT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BRADLEY AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. II.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, 2.00.
Two copies, one year, 3.00.

No. 103.



THE RED MAZEPPA; OR, The Madman of the Plains.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "Overland Kit," "Wolf Demon," "Ace of Spades," "Witches of New York," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEFIANCE UNTO DEATH.

A vast prairie, covered with the greenest of grass and decked with thousands of wild flowers, redolent with perfume.

As far as the eye could reach the prairie extended. It was broken here and there by small clumps of timber fringed by circles of bushes.

The prairie was the "divide" that separated the waters of the Llano and Guadalupe on the north from the Nueces and Frio on the south.

In the center of the vast prairie stood a tall and stately white oak tree; a giant in stature when compared to the knotted trunks of the trees of which the "prairie islands" were formed.

The white oak stood solitary and alone; a very forest chieftain in its might.

Darkness still hovered over the prairie, but faint, gray lines afar off in the eastern skies heralded the coming of the day-god.

Slowly—little by little, the gray lines of light grew broader and broader. The night, like a spirit of evil, gathered up its dark mantle and stole silently away.

The birds woke, and from their coverts in the tall grass, and in the leafy limbs, welcomed the coming morn with gladsome notes.

As the light grew stronger and stronger it revealed a score of sleeping men stretched upon the prairie beneath the branches of the oak; a score of horses corralled together, and a mounted sentry, a hundred paces from the tree, motionless as a statue, kept ward and watch.

What manner of men are these who rest as snugly upon the broad bosom of the prairie and sleep as sweetly as a babe nestled on a young mother's breast?

A single glance and we guess the truth.

We are looking upon the warriors of the famous tribe of "horse" Indians, known far and wide, to friend and foe, as the great Comanche Nation. The proud savages who call themselves the "masters of the prairie," and well they deserve the vaunted title.

The daylight strengthens.

One by one the warriors waken. The scanty morning meal is partaken of, and then, with many an earnest glance southward, the warriors sit in groups beneath the spreading branches of the oak and wait.

One used to the men and manners of the Comanches would speedily have guessed that it was no common cause that had brought the warriors beneath the oak, for the party was composed of the greatest chieftains of the tribe.

Yon tall, dark chief was the wily Ah-hu-la, whose band pitch their lodges by the swift-flowing stream, known to the Spaniards as the Devil's river. The brawny and short-legged warrior by his side is the "Big Leaf," whose wigwam is overshadowed by the Painted Rock, and whose horses drink out of the yellow Rio Grande. The stern-visaged veteran who sits apart from the rest, is the mighty chief, known far and wide as the "Apache-slayer," and his band dwells where the Concho cuts its way through the mountain passes to the plain.

And of all the chiefs who sit and wait so patiently, not one but has won a name for great and glorious deeds.

The Apache-slayer gazed afar off over

the prairie; his glance was the glance of the hawk.

"Wah!" he exclaimed, in deep tones, "let my brothers look!" and with outstretched finger he pointed to the south.

The warriors bent their eyes in the direction indicated by the chief.

On the line of the horizon was a little black speck; it grew larger and larger; the keen eyes of the Indians detected that it was a horse and rider.

Silent and motionless as statues the chieftains sat and waited for the stranger to approach.

It was evident that he was expected.

Larger and larger the black speck loomed up against the clear sky, until at last it stood revealed—a milk-white horse and an Indian rider.

We say an Indian, for the rider was dressed in the buck-skin garb dear to the heart of the wild sons of the wilderness, and wore eagle-plumes curiously twisted in his long raven locks, but his face was whiter far than the face of any one of the dusky warriors who waited for him beneath the shadows of the oak.

It was the famous Comanche chief, the White Mustang, who rode so rapidly over the prairie; the warrior, reputed to be the greatest fighting-man in all the land washed by the Rio Grande del Norte, from where the white sierras frowned upon the prairie to the yellow sands of the Mexican gulf.

The White Mustang dismounted from the milk-white steed—a barb of matchless beauty—and standing upon the prairie, faced his brothers.

In person the chief was strangely unlike the rest of his nation. He was tall, sinewy and supple; all the savage grace of the panther, all the strength of the mountain king, the grizzly bear. Straight as a pine, elastic as the willow. His face, with its high cheek-bones and brilliant black eyes, showed plainly the Indian, and yet from the color of the skin one would have doubted.

The explanation was a simple one; few Mexicans on the frontier but would have guessed it in an instant. One of the parents of the chief was red; the other, white.

The Comanche chiefs were noted for their liking for white squaws, and many a blooming Mexican girl cursed the hour when bitter fortune made her the captive—wife—slave, of some red-skinned warrior.

The White Mustang sat down in the circle of chiefs.

The pipe, filled with the fragrant weed, was passed from mouth to mouth.

The smoke wreaths floated on the air; they seemed to be omens of peace, but, in reality, were the harbingers of blood and slaughter.

The Apache-slayer was the first to speak.

"The Comanche chiefs have waited for two suns—the first rides the white cloud steed and dazzles the eyes of the earth braves with the glare of his golden robes; the second rides the white horse of the prairie; he dazzles the eyes of all by the splendor of his deeds. Both are welcome."

The White Mustang inclined his head gravely at the compliment.

"The White Mustang has summoned his brothers to council—let them open their ears and they shall hear why. The Great Spirit gave this land to the red-man—it is



Straight forward, over the flowery prairie, the madman urged on his wild career.

his—and the white-skins must be driven back into the great salt lake from whence they came. Many moons ago, the lodges of the white-skins dotted the prairie; little by little have the red chiefs driven them back till the prairie no longer is pressed by the white foot; but their lodges are amid the canyons and by the rivers. They must be destroyed. The Mexican moon will soon come. The Comanche Nation must carry fire and steel to the walled lodges of the pale-face; not go as two, three bands, but as one."

The guttural sounds that came from the throats of the warriors told their assent.

"The White Mustang is a mighty warrior. When he treads the prairie, his foot fly like the dead grass before the wind," the Big Leaf said. "Let him say when the Comanches shall mount and ride to death."

The White Mustang rose to his feet and pointed to the crescent-shaped moon still visible in the sky.

"When the moon dies, and the new moon is born, then will the red warriors strike. By the Sego lie the Mexican lodges that the white-skins call Dhanis. The lodge of Bandera guards the approach to the home of the pale-face. The Comanches will swoop on Bandera as the eagle darts from the tall pinyon down upon his prey."

"It is good!" cried the Apache-slayer, and the other chiefs gravely nodded their consent.

The White Mustang took his seat again. There was a moment of silence. The chief swept his dark eyes around the circle; a thoughtful expression was on his massive features.

"The chief would speak more?" Ah-hu-la said.

"The lodge of the White Mustang is cold; no singing-bird sings for the chief," the red brave replied.

"There are many maidens in the Comanche tribe who would gladly sing in the lodge of the White Mustang, for he is a great chief," Big Leaf responded, gravely.

"The singing-bird that the Comanche chief seeks does not dwell in the wigwams of his tribe, but his brothers can give her to him. She is a white-skin, the flower of Bandera. Her eyes are as black as the cloud of the angry spirit; her step as light as the elk stealing before the morning wind. The Mexicans call her Giralda Bandera."

"It is good; the White Mustang shall have the Mexican singing-bird!" the Apache-slayer exclaimed.

"Wah!"

The cry of alarm came from the sentry. The warriors sprang to their feet and seized their weapons.

Rapidly approaching on the prairie was a single horseman. He was mounted on a sturdy steed, whose powerful limbs and massive neck betrayed its Spanish blood.

The stranger was clothed in a garb composed of skins of various wild beasts, curiously sewed together; the garb was tattered and torn as though the owner had ridden hard through briar and bramble.

The man was gigantic in form, a perfect Hercules. His face was massive, the eyes like coals of fire. His long black hair and beard floated down around his neck and shoulders like the mane of a lion.

The Comanches gazed with astonishment upon the stranger.

Straight forward toward them, despite their brandished weapons, the stranger spurred his steed.

A dozen paces off, he halted and leaped nimbly to the ground.

"I seek the chiefs of the Comanche Nation!" the stranger cried, speaking in the Indian tongue.

Amazed, the Comanches gazed upon him. They asked themselves who was this man who spoke their language like a brother.

The stranger bore no weapons, except a broad-bladed hunting-knife thrust carelessly through his girdle.

"My brother seeks the Comanche chiefs; what would he with them?" the White Mustang asked.

"Fight them to the death!" cried the stranger, a ringing note of defiance in his voice. The chiefs stared at each other in astonishment.

"My brother seeks the Comanches alone to dare them to the death?" the White Mustang asked.

"Yes, I am appointed by the minister of vengeance to be the slayer of the Comanches!" cried the stranger. "Red dogs, tremble! I am the Madman of the Plains, the Sword of Gideon. One by one I will fight you unto the death!" And the stranger drew the broad-bladed knife and stood in defiance.

CHAPTER VI.

PROOF 'GAINST LEAD.

THE Comanche chiefs looked at each other in grave astonishment. They could hardly believe their ears as they listened to the bold defiance of the strange being, clad in the garb of skins.

The White Mustang was the first to speak.

"My white brother speaks big; is his heart as big as his words? Does he not know that he is in the land of the Comanches?—that he is helpless in the hands of the red-men?"

The stranger started at the sound of the White Mustang's voice, and gazed anxiously into his face. The warriors looked on in surprise.

The strange being passed his hand slowly across his brow, and a wild gleam came into his eyes.

"That voice," he murmured aloud, as if unconscious that listening ears were near; "it is her voice! Oh! how it comes back to me from the lapse of distant years! Again I see her dark eyes beaming with tenderness; again I hear the words of love coming from the scarlet lips; but all this is a dream," he added, wildly. "You are a chief among these red dogs, although your skin is as white as mine."

"My strange brother speaks straight.

The White Mustang is the great chief of the Comanche Nation," said the young brave, proudly.

"The Comanches are dogs, whose hearts are white; the prairie wolves shall come and howl in their wigwams; one by one shall they fall beneath my hand, and, like a hungry coyote, I will lap up their hearts' blood, drop by drop!" cried the strange being.

A yell of defiance came from the throats of the red chiefs, as, with brandished weapons, they advanced upon the stranger.

With a motion swift as the forked lightning, the madman seized the White Mustang, bent him over his knee as if he had been but a slender boy instead of a stalwart warrior, and pointed the keen-edged knife at his heart. The point ripped open the stout buckskin shirt, and grazed the polished skin that shone like tinted marble beneath. The Comanches recoiled in horror.

So sudden had been the attack, that even the White Mustang, wily warrior that he was, had been taken entirely by surprise.

Vainly the chief struggled; he was but as a child in the powerful grasp of the stranger.

"It is written in the stars that the Comanches shall fall one by one by my hand!" cried the madman, wildly. "The sword of Gideon shall smite with righteous strength. The blood of the Comanches shall stain my blade till the pure steel blushes crimson, and weeps scarlet tears. I am the Madman of the Plains—the angel of vengeance. Fire and steel, bullet, arrow or knife alike, are powerless to harm me. My mission is vengeance. Even now I would give this red chief to death, and his soul to the flames below, but that *her* eyes look at me out of his face. Accursed devil, why do you bear *her* face?" And in his rage he brandished the glittering knife in the face of the young chief.

The iron features of the White Mustang never quailed, though death seemed so nigh. Slowly he closed his eyes, and the death-song of his tribe came slowly and lowly from his lips.

Transfixed with horror and astonishment, the red chiefs gazed upon the strange scene; spellbound, they moved neither hand nor foot.

"You are the chief of these red slayers, whose souls are stained so deep with innocent blood, that angels' tears would not wash them clean, and yet I spare you. *Her* eyes in your face stay my hand, and bid me not to strike. But there will come a time when her eyes will not save you, human wolf that you are. For the present, you are safe. You shall live—live to commit more bloody acts; to stain your soul still deeper with innocent blood; but sleeping or waking, in your wigwam or on the prairie, alone or surrounded by your red wolves, my face shall haunt you; my voice ring in your ears; you shall see the flash of my steel, live, but live a living death till in the torments of the doomed you shall call aloud for the avenging blow which brings forgetfulness and rest!"

Then, with a mighty effort, the madman lifted the White Mustang from his feet, and, swinging him in the air as if he had been a child, threw him, with tremendous force, from him into the circle of chiefs.

The Comanches, grouped together in a little knot, spellbound with wonder, did not anticipate this sudden movement, and the White Mustang, hurled sideways through the air with all the force of the stranger's astonishing muscular arms, came against them with a terrible shock, and the red chiefs tumbled pell-mell to the earth.

With a leap, like unto the panther's in swift, the madman sprang to the side of his horse, and, with a single bound, vaulted into the saddle.

The noble beast waited not for word, touch of rein, or prick of spur, but, like an arrow forced from the bow, darted forward. With a wild scream of defiance, the madman tossed his arms in the air, as he rode rapidly over the prairie.

The White Mustang was the first one of the Indians to recover his feet.

With a glance of horror he gazed upon the strange being who had handled him so roughly.

One by one the warriors rose to their feet, amazement written on each face, a dread fear in each eye. Wonderstruck, like their chief, they gazed upon the flying horseman. "An evil spirit!" cried Ah-hu-la.

"A white devil!" muttered the Big Leaf. Straight forward, over the flowery prairie, the madman urged on his wild career. A hundred paces had the hoofs of his steed covered, when, suddenly, he wheeled around his horse and halted.

Defiantly he faced the red braves and brandished the glittering knife high in air. Shrill and mockingly his wild laugh rung over the prairie.

The sound seemed to rouse the White Mustang from his stupor.

"Man or devil, I fear him not!" the chief cried, in rage; then he plucked the heavy Spanish gun, so fancifully decked with gay ribbons and waving plumes, from where he had placed it on the ground.

The chief raised the piece to his shoulder, drew back the hammer and leveled it full at the breast of the madman.

The wily eye of the savage drew sight along the short, brown barrel; his hand quivered with rage, although the blood in his veins seemed chilled to ice.

The madman saw the motion, guessed the intention of the Indian, but held his place silent and motionless as a statue; on his face proud defiance.

A moment the dark eye of the White Mustang glanced along the iron tube, then, obedient to the pressure of his finger, the hammer fell; the sparks that came from the flint proved that his heart was fire.

A puff of smoke—a tongue of flame, and the leaden ounce sped on its way.

Breathlessly the warrior watched the horseman.

His massive figure stood out dark against the sky as though carved out of stone. The ball whistled harmlessly by his head; the arm of the White Mustang had trembled, his aim had been untrue.

With a groan the chief dashed the useless weapon down to the earth.

Hoarsely and with mocking accent the laugh of the madman rung out on the prairie breeze.

With a cry of desperation, the red chief snatched the other musket—there were but two in the party—from the hands of Ah-hu-la.

"Fire, red wolf!" cried the horseman, in derision, perceiving the intention of the chief; "bullet and steel alike I defy; the lightnings of heaven alone have power on me. Mortal arms and mortal weapons can not harm me!"

On the wings of the wind came the daring words to the ears of the chiefs, and as the madman spoke he extended his arms as if he wished to expose his breast to the bullet.

With a sudden frown upon his features, the White Mustang drew the musket to his shoulder; carefully and slowly he glanced his eye along the barrel. With an effort that taxed all his power, he stifled the leaping blood within his veins which had unnerved his arm.

Once again the warriors held their breath in great suspense, as if the very sound that told of human life would work some direful harm.

Again the hammer fell, again the flint met in close embrace and the sparks flew; again the white smoke-puff, the quivering flash of flame, and the leaden messenger of death cut its way through the intrenchant air.

Eye true—aim sure and arm firm as rock! The ounce ball struck the madman full in the breast—the aim was for the heart; scarce half an inch above, the bullet spent its force.

The madman reeled in the saddle! Then, in the throats of the red chiefs gathered the notes of joy, but they pealed not on the air, for in a second the madman sat again like a rock in the saddle.

The bullet dropped, flattened, to the earth.

The madman was unharmed. The Comanches gazed upon him with awe-stricken faces. The White Mustang seemed like one turned into stone.

With clenched hand brandished in the air, breathing defiance, the strange being spoke:

"A hundred years shall come and go, but I shall still live to smile the braves of the Comanche Nation. I can not die while a red wolf of that tribe treads the prairie; father and son alike shall fall until their bones piled one upon the other shall make a ladder for me to mount to the skies and pluck down the blazing stars; blood shall flow till the green prairie be as scarlet as the gory soul of the red slayer!"

And while the blood-curdling laugh of the madman rung on the air and froze the life-current of the red-men within their veins, he wheeled his horse around and dashed onward at headlong speed.

"He flies from us—he fears!" cried the White Mustang, who alone of all the chiefs seemed not wholly spellbound by horror.

"The ball struck him full in the breast, yet he shows no wound!" exclaimed the Big Leaf, in wonder.

The powder was bad—the force of the ball spent ere it struck him," the White Mustang replied. "Did it not shake him in the saddle? If he was a white devil the ball would have passed through him as through the air."

The Comanches opened their eyes widely at this reasoning, and stared at one another.

"The White Mustang will take his scalp, be he man or devil!" cried the chief, fiercely, as he vaulted into the saddle. "Who follows?"

Not one remained behind, and in a minute more the red warriors were racing over the prairie.

CHAPTER VII.

CHASING THE LIGHTNING.

SWIFTLY onward over the rolling prairie rode the two Americans in chase of the flying steed and the helpless rider, so strangely fastened onto his back.

The wolves, alarmed at the presence of the new-comers, with howls of rage gave up the chase, and bending their course to the west, disappeared behind one of the prairie islands.

Side by side, Gilbert and the Mustang and Crockett rode on. The wiry mustang of the latter making tremendous efforts to keep up with the swift, blooded brown mare ridden by the Mustang.

"By heaven, it is 'The Lightning'!" Gilbert exclaimed, as the black horse ascended one of the prairie swells, and his form stood out in bold relief against the sky.

"The animal that the greaser wants, eh?" asked Crockett.

"Yes; not that I think that he wants the horse, only that he judges that its capture is impossible. He hates me; wishes some chance to annoy me. He knows full well that I value my rifle highly; he wishes to deprive me of it, and so banter me into this wager. If I had refused it, he would have openly proclaimed that I was afraid to undertake the task of subduing 'The Lightning'; and thus throw a doubt upon my courage. He loves this beautiful Mexican girl, and fears that I may attempt to rival him."

"I reckon he knows what he's about; he didn't stand any more chance with you in attempting to captivate the 'factions' of that full-blown sunflower, than a coon would attempting to hug a bar to death," Crockett said, shrewdly.

Your friendship makes you look with a more favorable eye upon my chances than they deserve," Gilbert replied, with a doubtful shake of the head.

"Not a mite!" Crockett cried, emphatically. "But, I say, Gil, Jerusalem can't stand this pace much longer; the be-hast is a-gettin' tuckered; I kin tell it by his ears; they're 'ginnin' to lop over, and that's a sure sign he's got 'bout all he wants."

"I must keep up the chase, then, alone; my brown beauty is fresh; I have not pushed her to her topmost speed," the Mustang replied, patting the arching neck of his steed as he spoke.

"Jerusalem is as tough as an alligator, and full of grit to the backbone, but his liver pace is a-cuttin' it a little too fat for him."

"I judge from the looks of yonder beast, this fearful speed will soon break his heart. Did you not notice the white foam-marks on his heaving flanks as he galloped past?" Gilbert asked.

"Yes, but he's keepin' it up as if he were a-running for a man's life."

"Perhaps a last desperate effort; he may go to pieces at any moment."

"Stick to it, Jerusalem, you long-eared little cuss!" cried Crockett, "lifting" the little cuss. "The powerful legs, so graceful in their snowy beauty, were stained with lather and splashes of yellow mud, the latter sure proof that the wild and maddened course of 'The Lightning' had passed

through the soft bottom-land of the Rio Sabinal.

On the polished skin of the helpless girl, so cruelly bound to the back of the wild steed, the drops of blood were standing; the lashings which held her in her place had cut into the soft flesh and drawn forth the visible evidence of terrible pain.

Side by side the two Americans rode in pursuit. The heaving flanks of Crockett's mustang told plainly of strength overtaken; the brown mare, though, chafed and tugged at the bit; she felt all the excitement of the chase, and panted to display the speed which she was capable of, for as yet she had not exerted her utmost strength.

"By hooky, Gil, the little cuss can't stand this much longer," Crockett exclaimed. "Say, hah! I better pull up an' try a rifle-shot on that black beast!"

"But the danger of hitting the woman!"

"Right smart chance of that, I reckon," replied the hunter, dubiously.

"The beast is running unsteadily; the shot intended for him might kill the girl."

"That's gospel," Crockett muttered.

"Aha!" Gilbert cried in triumph.

The flying steed had caught its foot in a hole concealed by the grass of the prairie, tumbled to its knees with a heavy shock, and then, with a desperate effort, had bounded to his feet again.

But 'The Lightning' no longer sprung forward with the speed of the wind; the strength of the horse was failing fast. The beast swayed unsteadily from side to side as it galloped onward. The proud neck that had been carried like an arching crest high in the air, was now drooping to the earth; the blood was streaming freely from the nostrils, the flanks heaving with a rapid motion that spoke plainly of failing strength.

"Who-whoop!" the ringing Indian shout of triumph went up from Crockett's lips, as he beheld the mustang falter.

Gilbert loosed his rein; the brown mare sprung forward at increased speed; Crockett fell into the rear.

"Go it, ye cripples!" the hunter yelled in delight.

Little by little the brown mare gained upon the wild horse. The Mustang uncoiled the lasso from the horn of his saddle and carefully poised it in his hand.

Shouting with fright at the near approach of the pursuer, the prairie steed bounded onward, straining each nerve and muscle to its utmost tension.

Vain was the effort; the blooded brown mare, within whose veins ran the Godolphin blood, whose sire and dam had won many a silver prize in "Merrie England," was far too speedy for the wild son of the prairie, whose hoof had never felt the farrier's touch, who had known no master save his own sweet will.

A hundred feet only now separated the pursuer and the pursued. Crockett had slackened rein and fallen behind.

So near was the Mustang that he could trace each outline of the delicate form lashed so securely to the back of the horse.

The girl was young—beautiful; the wavy mass of coal-black hair that floated so carelessly in the air rivaled in its luster the glossy coat of the steed; the fair round face with its warm sun-kissed tint, the perfect form, all combined to make the ideal of a painter's dream.

Gilbert noted the beauty of the girl, and wondered at the human marvel placed in such terrible danger.

He saw where the lashing cut into the tender flesh, understood how securely the girl was bound to the back of the wild horse.

"The men who did this terrible deed must be devils at heart," he muttered, urging his horse on with hand and heel. "What crime could this girl have committed that she should be punished in this terrible manner?"

Again the wild steed stumbled; the brown mare gained a dozen yards. Another desperate effort "The Lightning" made to escape from its untiring pursuer; fruitless the attempt; not a single foot of ground did the wild steed win.

The Mustang settled himself firmly in the saddle and prepared for the throw, the lasso ready in his hand; a few minutes more and he would be near enough for the attempt.

The girl bound to the back of the steed showed no signs of life.

"Is she dead?" the Mustang muttered, as he drew nearer and nearer.

Hardly a dozen yards now separated the horses. A minute more and the lasso whirled onward, thrown by the skillful hand of the Mustang.

The leather cord cut through the air in snake-like coils. The whirl fell upon the ears of "The Lightning," he understood its meaning only too well; not four-and-twenty hours before the gripping cord had encircled his free neck, and in its life-strangling coil had taught him that he was a slave.

A desperate leap the wild steed gave; the lasso fell short and just grazed the neck of the horse; the beast started at the touch as if its flesh had been seared by a hot iron.

The Mustang spurred on; his horse and again coiled the lasso in his hand.

"Poor beast, you but prolong your suspense," he muttered.

The speed of the wild horse lessened; the desperate efforts had impaired his strength. Foot by foot the Mustang gained upon him; barely ten feet behind was now the brown mare.

No sign of life the girl showed to the anxious eyes of the American.

"She is dead," he muttered again.

Then once more he whirled the lasso through the air; again "The Lightning" made a desperate effort to escape; vain struggle against fate. The noose fell round his neck. The well-trained steed of the American threw himself back on his haunches, braced to sustain the shock.

The lasso tightened, the noose gripped the neck of the wild horse like a band of steel.

Maddened with fright and pain the wild horse reared in the air, and shaking his head with desperate effort, strove to free himself. Then came the shock. With a despairing groan like unto a human in mortal agony, the wild horse rolled on its side, a single convulsion shook its frame, and "The Lightning" was dead; its big heart, choked at the loss of freedom, had burst.

Gilbert spurred his horse to the side of the dead steed.

A single look the brown mare gave at the motionless prairie king, and then, with almost human quickness, realizing that death had chilled the heart of the wild horse, with wild plunges of terror essayed to escape from the spot; so terrible is death even to the brute.

The Mustang loosened the lasso from the horn of the saddle, then wheeled the

mare off to one side and dismounted. The horse was trembling in every limb with fright.

By this time Crockett had come up. He, too, dismounted, for the yellow-gray mustang was fully as loath to approach the dead horse as the steed of the Mustang.

Together Gilbert and Crockett stood by the side of the prostrate beast. They cut the lashing which bound the inanimate form to its back. Eagerly they bent over the girl.

"Is she dead also as well as the horse?" the Mustang asked.

"No, she lives, by hooky!" Crockett replied.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

The Dark Secret: or, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

FOR a brief time it seemed as if the change of scene and air had really been of service to Augusta, and that both health and spirits were improving; but it was only a momentary rallying, that soon passed away, and left her spiritless and drooping as before. Her former dark despair, and wild bursts of anguish and remorse, alike seemed to have passed away, and a dead, inane listlessness—a dull, lifeless stupor—a blank, hopeless calm, terrible to see, had taken their place. For hours she would sit with folded hands, white, cold, and voiceless, her large, dark eyes fixed on the floor; a living automaton, a breathing statue, a moving figure of ice. Mr. De Vere was in despair; he could not rouse her from her lethargy; no amusement could win a smile from her; no excitement could arouse interest—nothing could awake her from her trance.

Disbrowe was puzzled and interested, his curiosity was excited, and that, mingled with a feeling of pity, made him half-determined to ask the reason of this mysterious grief. He felt that this very secrecy itself was augmenting the original source of her trouble, whatever it might be; and that once she took some one into her confidence, this mood sinking from sheer lack of sympathy, would vanish like morning mists before the sun. As a nettle, which sharply stings if daintily touched, is harmless if boldly grasped, so inward grief, if nursed in silence, festers and rankles, while, damtlessly confronted, it hides its diminished head, and sinks comparatively into nothing.

One still, serene moonlight night, leaving Mr. De Vere dozing over the *Times*, and Orrie amusing herself with her *bonnet* and a book of prints, Disbrowe strolled idly out, attracted by the gentle hush of the charmed hour. Sauntering down the long, shaded, laurel walk, he suddenly stopped in astonishment at beholding Augusta, half-sitting, half-lying on a bench, her long hair, unbound and soaked with the night-dew, streaming around her; her face hidden in her hands, her whole attitude so full of woe, so crushed, so heart-broken, that a thrill of terror and pity shot through the young earl's heart.

In her passionate *abandon* she heard not his approaching footsteps, and it was only when he gently tried to remove her hands that she uttered a startled cry and sprung up, so white, so wild, so terrified, such a shadow of her former self, that he had no words to express his deep pity.

"Augusta, my dearest cousin, what is this? Do you not know the danger of sitting out here in the night-dew?"

She did not reply. She flung herself back in her seat, and hid her face once more in her hands with a groan.

"Augusta, will you not tell me what this means? Can I not help you in any way? Will you not trust your cousin?"

"I dare not! I dare not tell you! You would shrink from me in horror if I did."

"Not so, Augusta. Are you not my cousin—almost my sister? Dear Augusta, whatever this mysterious secret may be, you may safely trust me. And who knows but it may be in my power to aid you?"

"No, no. You cannot—You cannot! It is beyond mortal aid!" she despairingly wailed.

"Augusta, it is killing you—this secrecy. Why not tell your father—surely you can trust him?"

"Oh! not to him! not to him! I would sooner tell you a thousand times. Oh, Lord Earncliffe! if you only knew."

"Will you not tell me, Augusta? Dear Augusta, it is some power this old wretch, who has already wrought so much evil to us all, holds over you—is it not?"

"Oh! yes, yes! She alone and one other know."

"It is some imaginary power, then—some clever scheme she has concocted, and which will prove to be nothing but empty threats and vapor. Courage, Augusta! speak out and tell what it is, and you will find it nothing but thin air. Do not think, Augusta, that I urge you to tell through impertinent curiosity; but for your own peace of mind you ought to make a confidant of some one. You do not know how evils shrink and cower when boldly looked in the face, and how they grow into huge misshapen monsters when dreaded. Come, Augusta, exorcise this demon that haunts you, and be yourself once more."

His bold, frank tone, his easy confidence, his spirited, fearless voice, acted powerfully upon her. She lifted her eyes to the bold, resolute, handsome young face, and with a sudden impulse she said:

"I will tell you! I will! Let the result be what it may, you shall know all, and learn if I have not cause enough for misery. Oh, Alfred! there never, never was guilt equal to mine!"

"That remains to be seen. I have seen more of guilt than you have, I fancy, and will judge presently. Come, Augusta, where is the pride and courage of your De Vere blood now? Courage! I promise you not to faint."

He seated himself beside her, and took both her hands in his, and looked brightly in her face.

"Now, Augusta."

"Oh, Alfred! how shall I tell you? How shall I tell you my dark, guilty story. Yes, guilt! Do not start—though Heaven knows it was unintentionally committed. Listen. Perhaps you did not know I had two brothers."

"No, I did not know. I never heard of but one."

"Poor Aubrey! he is at rest. Well, I had another brother younger than Aubrey, and some four or five years older than me, of whom I remember nothing as a child, for

I was but three months old when he was lost."

"Lost!"

"Yes. Oh, Alfred, you do not know how dark a doom has ever rested on all of our ill-fated family, and on me and him darkest of all."

"But how was he lost, Augusta? Did he die?"

"No; he was stolen. There were marauding parties of hostile Indians about at the time, and it was no new thing for them to take children and women prisoners, who were sometimes killed, sometimes ransomed, and sometimes kept by the tribe."

"And which was your brother's fate?"

"Neither. They strove in vain to gain any intelligence of him; they finally gave him up in despair; they thought he was dead. Would to God he had been!"

"Augusta!" cried Disbrowe, shocked.

She looked up with a hard, dark, despairing face.

"Is there no fate worse than death? The dead are at rest; but there is a living death of guilt, and anguish, and remorse; that never knows rest. The latter was reserved for his fate and mine."

"Go on, Augusta."

"You know, very likely, that these Indians were in league with the Tories, and that the whites were very often worse than the red-men. Among those demons in human form, was the brother of Grizzle Howlet. They call him—a morose and blood-thirsty human tiger, who hated papa for some real or fancied wrong he had once done him. He was at the Indian village when my little brother, Wilton, was brought there with other prisoners, and knew him instantly. How he exulted when he saw him! It was a prospect of revenge beyond price to him. Most of the other prisoners were slaughtered in cold blood; but he ordered them not to hurt a hair of Wilton's head; and, having some authority among them, he was obeyed. Wilton was adopted by the chief of the tribe, and brought up in all respects as if he had been his son; taught to hunt, and shoot, and live the life of an Indian boy, and treated as the son of an Indian chief. Old Till's object was to keep him there until he had grown up, and then present the half-savage young Indian to my father as his long-lost son."

"Well?"

"He did not succeed—would to God he had! even that would have been better than the fate that awaited him. Wilton, child as he was, when abducted, had a vague remembrance still of the far different life he had led; and though he lived the life of an Indian, he had not an Indian heart. The desire of escape was with him night and day, but he was carefully watched and guarded, and for a long time no opportunity occurred. In fact, he was ten years old before he was able to make his escape from the tribe."

"He did escape, then?"

"Yes—after perils and hardships innumerable, he reached the nearest town, ignorant of his name, birthplace, and family; for the Indians had given him a new name, and a child of five soon forgets. His story made him friends, though, and one of them obtained him a situation as cabin-boy on board a man-of-war."

"Of course, none of your family knew all this at the time?"

"No; they knew nothing of him—nor does my father till this day; all this I have learned of late. Well, he grew up a sailor; rose to the rank of lieutenant in one of the United States ships-of-war, under the name of his first friend, which he had adopted—that of Scott."

"Well?" said Disbrowe, as she made a long pause.

"Oh! how shall I go on with the rest—how shall I speak of myself and my deed of madness. Oh, Alfred! I can not tell you!" she wailed cry.

"Go on, Augusta, and fear not! I think I suspect what it is to come."

"You do? what do you suspect?"

"That you somehow met this unknown brother of yours, and—"

"No—no! there is no such hope for me; her brother and the chief of tribe still live to prove its truth; and to make assurance doubly sure, she told me to ask himself, and see if her story was not true."

"And did you?"

"Yes, he came a short time after your arrival, and wrote to appoint a meeting one night, and that night I met him for the last time."

Her voice choked, and she stopped. Disbrowe thought of the dark, muffled figure he had seen with her that night at the north wing.

"I told him all; and, oh, Alfred, word for word it was true. He had been stolen in his infancy; he did remember old Till perfectly, and he had escaped just as Grizzle told me. Oh! that last dreadful parting! God grant I might ever forget it!"

"And this, then, is your secret, Augusta?"

"This my secret—my dark, terrible secret—that is gnawing away my very heart—that in a few brief months will bring me to my grave. May God forgive us both, for we little thought of this!"

"And he—where is he, Augusta?"

"A wanderer over the wide world. We will never meet again."

She sunk down once more on her seat, collapsed, prostrate, despairing. A bright gleam of moonlight broke through the quivering laurel leaves, and fell like the wing of some pitying angel on that despairing young head.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RESTURM.

"—With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A single moment motionless he stood."
—THOMSON.

"LORD AUSTREY, my lord."

It was Mr. Norton—that respectable gentleman's gentleman—who spoke, Disbrowe, after his usual easy fashion, was lounging in his own room, chatting with Orrie, but on hearing his friend's name announced, he sprang to his feet with a suddenness quite startling.

"Lord Austrey—when? how? where?"

"Whither—why—wherefore?" exclaimed the well-known voice of Lord Austrey, himself, as he unceremoniously entered.

"I took the liberty of entering *sans cérémonie*, you see. Earncliffe, *mon ami*, how goes it?"

"Austrey, my dear old fellow!" exclaimed Disbrowe, "welcome back! When did you come?"

"Two or three days ago. Hallo! a young lady in the case! Why, Alf, what have you been about since I left?"

"Oh! this is a little Yankee friend of mine, Oriole De Vere—oh! she's gone! Well, Austrey, how has the world been using you lately?"

"Enchantingly—I'm a made man, Earncliffe, and the happiest fellow in England!"

"Ah, indeed! when am I to offer my congratulations?"

"As soon as you like—the honeymoon's over."

"What!" cried Disbrowe, starting to his feet, "you don't mean to say—"

"My dear fellow, don't get excited! I do say it—nothing shorter. Lady Austrey awaits your congratulations in London."

"And you are really married?"

"Just so! Miss Norma Macdonald no longer exists, and from her grave has risen Lady George Austrey—the handsomest peeress in England! Sharp work, my boy, eh?"

"Puisse-t-on être heureux!" said Disbrowe, as he laughingly shook his friend by the hand. "I wish you joy with all my heart. Where were you married?"

"At Rome, at the ambassador's, two months ago."

"And you have come home for good and all, now?"

"Yes, if you call Castle Hill, Inverness, home. We are going there as soon as Lelia leaves England."

"Lelia—who is she?"

Lord George fairly jumped from his seat. "Why, you old hermit—you anchorite—you St. John of the Desert—you never mean to say you don't know who Lelia is?"

"If you mean the French tragedy-queen of that name."

"French! She's no more French than I am; she's English, man alive! Oh, ye gods! it takes away my breath only to think of her. Lelia—the queen—the enchantress—the siren—the Melpomene—the conqueress! Whew! Earncliffe, I want a glass of ice-water to cool me down after speaking of her—the little devouring flame of fire!"

"Really," said Disbrowe, dryly, "extraordinary transports these for a married man. I have heard—or, rather, read—of this Mademoiselle Lelia; for the papers are full of her. Is she, then, so pretty?"

"Pretty? Earncliffe, if I had a loaded pistol here, upon my soul I would have it in me to blow your brains out for applying that word to her. Pretty—faugh! She's glorious—maddening—divine! That's what she is! You might as well say a tornado—a sheet of lightning—a storm at sea—was pretty, as Lelia."

"Indeed! Rather a desperate little article she must be. So she has come to England. I thought she had been fifty times offered a small fortune, and refused."

"So she did. She came with us."

"With you?" said Disbrowe, with a stare.

"Yes, with us! She made one of our party. She and Norma are like sisters."

The strangest smile went wandering round Disbrowe's lips, and shone bright in his eyes, when he fixed them on the face of his friend.

"Lelia, the actress, and Lady Austrey?"

"Yes, Lelia, the actress," said Lord George, defiantly. "Your cold English pride will have no cause to strain itself trying to stoop to her. She is the equal of any woman, peeress or not, in all broad England. I have seen her dancing with archdukes and royal highnesses without number; she has been an honored guest in the home of a duchess. Her life is above reproach, as she likely is above want. It is not necessity makes her play—she has already acquired for herself a fortune; but she has a passion for her art. Oh, Earncliffe! what a dazzling creature she is! She has flashed like a meteor through Europe, blinding, dazzling, electrifying wherever she went. No-body knows who or what she is, except—you will wonder when I tell you—Norma!"

"Norma! how came she to know?"

"Well, my dear fellow, that is the strangest part of the business. It was at Florence we saw her first—as Cleopatra. I think, and a glorious queen she made, for whom a thousand heroes might die. Every eye was, of course, bent upon her the moment she appeared; and Norma half rose, and then fell back in her seat. I looked at her, and upon my honor, Earncliffe, I

never was so startled in my life; her face was perfectly colorless, her eyes darkening and dilating, and her lips white and trembling. I spoke to her, but she only grasped my arm and made a motion for me to keep still, without ever removing her eyes from the stage. I confess I was puzzled, rather; but I thought it best to bide my time, and let her ladyship have her own way; and faith, she had it, too—for, before Cleopatra had uttered half a dozen words, she gave a low cry, and fell back fainting—stiff, sir, in a dead swoon!"

"Hum-m-m! Very strange, indeed! What then?"

"Why, we brought her home, of course; but as soon as she recovered, she insisted on going back—no persuasion could induce her to remain; and she peremptorily ordered me to give a small note she wrote to the manager of the theatre to be delivered to Madame Lelia. Well, sir, he did it; and the next thing was an earnest request from Lelia herself, that Norma would wait in her private dressing-room until after the play."

"And did she?"

"Yes; and a precious long interview they had of it. Like the 'five minutes' it takes a lady to put on her bonnet, it was over two hours before she made her appearance; and then in such a state of delight; by George! if my Jewish money-lender turned Christian and burned his books, I couldn't get up to such a pitch of rapture."

"Well, what was the result?"

"Why, that Lelia became our traveling companion, or we hers—I don't know which—from that day until we reached Paris. And there, to the great surprise of every one, she accepted an offer from Mr. M—, of —Theater, to make her *début* in London, and astonish the natives, as I flatter myself she will do, shortly."

"And was our aristocratic friend, Miss Emily Tremain, reconciled to the idea of traveling *en famille* with an actress?"

"Reconciled? I should think so; and very proud and important she felt about it—for where archduchesses smile, it is not for insular aristocracy to sneer. And then Lelia fascinates every one she meets. She is irresistible, my boy; so take care of your heart."

"It stands in no danger. I have a countercharm, strong enough to protect me even against the all-powerful fascinations of this tragic muse. But this mystery between her and Norma—what does it mean?"

"That is just what I wish you would tell me; for be hanged if I have the least idea. Norma only laughs and says: 'Wait, the denouement is at hand.'"

"Humph! Rather singular! Is it another act of high treason to ask what this meteor looks like?"

"Well, Norma made me promise to tell you nothing until you would see for yourself."

"Really—"

"Oh, well, after all, what difference does it make? Earncliffe! It is only a woman's whim, and your curiosity will soon be gratified, for Lelia plays to-night, and of course, you will be there to worship like the rest of London."

"Can't, my dear fellow; couldn't think of such a thing."

"What! you're not in earnest?" cried Lord Austrey, aghast.

"Never was I more so, as I remember."

"Why, you're crazy—downright mad, you know. What's the reason?"

"Well, I have some friends staying here with me, and I can't leave them."

"Bring them with you."

"Humph! Well, of course, if they would like to go, that might do; if not—"

"If not, you go alone. I have said it. Norma commanded me, under pain of her eternal displeasure, and half a score of the severest sort of curtain-lectures, to bring you along; so, will ye, nil ye, come you must. Not a word. I won't take any excuses; so don't go to the trouble of making them."

"Oh, but positively, you know—"

"Oh, but positively I know I won't! Who are those friends of yours?"

"My uncle, Mr. De Vere; my cousin, Miss De Vere; and that little girl you saw, from America."

"Well, bring them along, of course. They want to see Lelia, too—supposing they are not barbarians, like you. Come, you will just have time to dress and be at Mrs. Tremain's in time for dinner."

"Well, there is no resisting you, I see. Make yourself at home, while I go and consult my respected uncle on the subject."

"All right! only hurry up—there is no time to spare. I wouldn't miss seeing Lelia play 'Jeanne D'Arc' to-night for 'The Crown Diamonds.' Tell the old gentleman, with my respects, that I won't take 'No' for an answer, at any price."

Disbrowe laughed, and sauntered out, and, after a brief period, returned with his uncle, to whom he presented Lord George, with due decorum.

"You have met with better success than you deserve, my Lord Austrey," he said; "for my cousin not only consents to go, but is dressing even now; and my uncle is quite delighted at the prospect of seeing Lelia, whose fame has reached from Dan to Beersheba, yea, even unto the far and fastidious regions of New Jersey. I have ordered my 'coach and six,' and nothing remains but to make a few alterations in my outer man. So, for a few moments, *adieu*!"

Half an hour after saw them *en route*, dashing along behind two splendid grays. The whole subject of conversation was "Lelia," as Lord George related anecdote after anecdote of her—her kindness to the poor—her princely donations to churches and charitable institutions—her fierce, indomitable pride, that made her legions of admirers keep a long distance off—her haughty independence, that made the friendship of the high and titled no act of condescension, but a simple courtesy to an equal—her free, frank, impulsive ways—her splendid acting. In short, Lelia—Lelia was the theme until the carriage drew up in front of the Tremain mansion.

Lord George had insisted on their all coming with him, and Disbrowe had half-reluctantly complied. There was a quick flutter of his pulses at the thought of meeting Norma again, and a hot glow in his face as he recalled their last parting. How would she meet him? How could he congratulate her, and before so many, too? He half regretted he had come at all; but it was too late to draw back or regret now.

Lord George, with Augusta on his arm, was already in the drawing-room, where Norma, Mrs. Tremain, and her daughter sat. There was an introduction, bows and smiles, and friendly words of welcome from the lady of the house and her daughter; and Disbrowe found himself holding Norma's hand in his,

and wishing her joy, completely himself—his easy, self-possessed self again.

She had met him so frankly and freely, looked in his eyes with a smile so bright and happy, laid her hand in his so promptly, that all his confusion passed away. She started violently as she saw who accompanied him, and turned upon him a look of eager inquiry.

"My American relatives," he said, in a low tone, surprised by her strange, questioning look.

As Lord George introduced her to Mr. De Vere and his daughter, she bowed, while the blood mounted to her temple. Very strange, thought Disbrowe, lost in wonder at this school-girl blush of the calm, graceful, high-bred lady.

Something about Lady Austrey seemed to strike Mr. De Vere; for he fixed his eyes on her face with a look at once so puzzled, so searching, and so full of a strange recognition, that as she looked up, and caught his involuntary stare, she crimsoned again, and half-turned away.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. De Vere, hastily, becoming conscious of his rudeness; "but, really, your ladyship's face struck me as being so familiar. Alfred, does Lady Austrey remind you of any one you ever saw before?"

"Yes, sir. I have often thought she strikingly resembled that Spanish boy, Jacinto."

"The very one! The likeness is most extraordinary, and the expression is the same exactly."

Norma tried to laugh; but her face was scarlet.

"Who was Jacinto, may I ask?" said Lord George.

"A young Spaniard I met in New Jersey. He might have been Lady Austrey's twin brother—he looked so like her."

The dinner-bell here fortunately put an end to a subject evidently any thing but welcome to the lady in question, and it was not again renewed. Disbrowe sat beside her at dinner; but all his efforts could not make her disclose any thing that would throw a light on the subject of her intimacy with Lelia, the actress.

"Is she handsome?" he asked.

"Perilously handsome."

"And lady-like?"

"Extremely lady-like."

"Does she remain long in England?"

"That depends—yes, I think she will. Would you like her to do so?"

"Me! Why, what possible interest can it have for me?"

She looked up with the queerest smile, but said nothing.

"Do you suppose I will fall in love with her?" he could not help asking, provoked by her smile.

"Out, monsieur."

"I had rather be excused. Stage-players are not in my line. I could not love an actress, if she were a very goddess for beauty—a Venus herself."

"Prenes garde, monsieur! I do not be too sure. You can do as you please, however. Most certainly neither I nor Lelia will ask you to do so."

"Has she many lovers?"

"Legions."

"Wealthy and titled?"

"Yes, my lord. She refused the hand of his highness the Duc de B—, at Villetre; so I do not believe she would die of ecstasy if my Lord of Earncliffe offered her his hand, and name to-morrow!"

Her sarcastic tone silenced Disbrowe on that subject; but all he had heard piqued his curiosity to see this strange actress—this eighth wonder of the world; and it was in a sort of fever of impatience that he took his seat in the carriage on their way to the theatre.

It was crowded when they entered—a perfect jam from pit to ceiling. It was a brilliant scene—fans waving, jewels flashing, bright eyes sparkling, smiles winking, and the blood of an innocent man stained their skirts.

"Up with the dog!" cried Roger Davenant. "Why let him bark?"

In the ghastly light of fifty torches, the fatal noose was adjusted over the head of the doomed one, and the cord was thrown over a sturdy oaken bough.

"Pull!" shouted Davenant. "I want to see him waltz upon his airy platform."

Two rough deck-hands had seized the rope, when a black horse, streaked with foam-fakes, halted at the prisoner's side, and the would-be executioners looked from the flashing eyes of Ethel Icecliff into the chambers of a revolver, gripped tightly in one of her bitter hands.

"Fiends, desist!" she cried. "How know you that you are hanging a guilty man?"

"Doesn't the circumstances prove him Roscoe's murderer? They're enough to hang twenty men," said Roger Davenant.

"So move your horse a little to one side, Miss Ethel, and we will satisfy justice."

"Justice craves not innocent blood," she said.

"What! do you believe the scoundrel innocent?" cried half a dozen voices.

"Most emphatically I do; and I tell you that that Woodward Janvier shall have a fair trial. I shall offer important testimony when the time comes."

"You!" cried Davenant, with insulting derision. "Boys, she can't fool me in that way. It's too thin. So pull away, or she'll parley here till morning."

Again the men seized the cord, when the revolver flew to their heads.

"Drop that rope!" cried Ethel, with flashing eyes, which evinced fearful determination. "If you do not, I'll shoot you. Gentlemen," to the crowd, "I'm in terrible earnest."

The rope was dropped instantly, and the twin shrunk back among their companions.

"This don't end here, Ethel Icecliff," said Davenant, supplementing her name with a terrible oath. "We leave you with the white-livered cur, and I wouldn't go three steps to say you were not an accessory to the murder of my brother."

His outburst of passion was answered by the girl with a sarcastic laugh; and she kept her revolver leveled at the mob until it passed beyond pistol-shot.

"Brave girl!" said Woodward, turning to his preserver; "you have respite my life for a few weeks. I am in the toils from which there is no escape."

"God forbid, Woodward," she responded, alighting and taking his hand. "Ere Roscoe Davenant left me that fatal night, he told me all, and I bade him wed the woman he loved. Thus will I testify when the time comes. It, I trust, will save you. But, boy, we must be going. It is my duty to re-conduct you to the jail."

Woodward Janvier returned with unfeigned cheerfulness to his old quarters, proud to know that the woman whom he had worshiped from afar, as the orientals worship stars, loved him with all a woman's heart.

At last the trial opened.

Ethel somewhat astonished the court with her testimony; but it could not break the chain of circumstantial evidence which threw its accursed coils around the prisoner, and he heard the doomful sentence of death.

And when he asked Ethel if she loved him, she said:

"No; but I'll try."

Where was the missing bridegroom? In the midst of the anxiety, one of the laborers came forward and remarked that Woodward Janvier might throw some light upon the matter, for he had seen the twin standing upon the "Lovers' Leap" at twelve the previous night.

"Where is Roscoe?" was eagerly put to the young man, who, as every one knew, had dared to love Ethel Icecliff, despite her betrothal to another.

"Gentlemen, I do not divulge secrets bequeathed to me by those whom I respect," was the unexpected and startling reply.

It procured his arrest upon suspicion of murdering the missing man, and he was thrust into jail until further developments.

He frankly admitted being with Roscoe Davenant at midnight on "Lovers' Leap," a crag that overlooked a deep stream not far from the Davenant mansion; but beyond that admission he refused to be led.

The wedding was postponed, and intense excitement prevailed.

The stream was dragged for three days without success; but upon the morning of the fourth, the drag-hooks brought to the surface a ghastly-looking object.

It was the body of a man, almost naked, with his arms and face destroyed by the heterogeneous denizens of the creek; but the autopsy books proclaimed it the mortality of the missing bridegroom.

The horrible discovery spread like a contagious disease throughout the community. Roscoe Davenant found dead—murdered by the hand of Woodward Janvier!

It was terrible!

When confronted with the awful tragedy, the accused told a story he had kept back before.

That he parted with Davenant on the crag near one o'clock; that the murdered man told him that he would never wed against his heart; that he was going to fly the country, and return not until he had wedded his Americo-Italian love.

But the story was booted at.

Returning to the jail after his second preliminary examination, called forth by the finding of the disfigured body, a mad crowd, headed by Roscoe Davenant's only brother, attempted to take him from the sheriff's posse, but in vain.

That night the would-be avengers, to the number of several hundred, surrounded the insecure jail, dispersed the double guards, and rushed in.

The prisoner was dragged from his cell, and hurried off to a wood a short distance from the town, when the friends prepared to execute the harsh sentence of Judge Lynch.

The young man maintained silence, save when questioned regarding the crime, when he protested his innocence, and told the jeering crowd that time would prove that the blood of an innocent man stained their skirts.

"Up with the dog!" cried Roger Davenant. "Why let him bark?"

In the ghastly light of fifty torches, the fatal noose was adjusted over the head of the doomed one, and the cord was thrown over a sturdy oaken bough.

"Pull!" shouted Davenant. "I want to see him waltz upon his airy platform."

Two rough deck-hands had seized the rope, when a black horse, streaked with foam-fakes, halted at the prisoner's side, and the would-be executioners looked from the flashing eyes of Ethel Icecliff into the chambers of a revolver, gripped tightly in one of her bitter hands.

"Fiends, desist!" she cried. "How know you that you are hanging a guilty man?"

"Doesn't the circumstances prove him Roscoe's murderer? They're enough to hang twenty men," said Roger Davenant.

"So move your horse a little to one side, Miss Ethel, and we will satisfy justice."

"Justice craves not innocent blood," she said.

"What! do you believe the scoundrel innocent?" cried half a dozen voices.

"Most emphatically I do; and I tell you that that Woodward Janvier shall have a fair trial. I shall offer important testimony when the time comes."

"You!" cried Davenant, with insulting derision. "Boys, she can't fool me in that way. It's too thin. So pull away, or she'll parley here till morning."

Again the men seized the cord, when the revolver flew to their heads.

"Drop that rope!" cried Ethel, with flashing eyes, which evinced fearful determination. "If you do not, I'll shoot you. Gentlemen," to the crowd, "I'm in terrible earnest."

The rope was dropped instantly, and the twin shrunk back among their companions.

"This don't end here, Ethel Icecliff," said Davenant, supplementing her name with a terrible oath. "We leave you with the white-livered cur, and I wouldn't go three steps to say you were not an accessory to the murder of my brother."

His outburst of passion was answered by the girl with a sarcastic laugh; and she kept her revolver leveled at the mob until it passed beyond pistol-shot.

"Brave girl!" said Woodward, turning to his preserver; "you have respite my life for a few weeks. I am in the toils from which there is no escape."

"God forbid, Woodward," she responded, alighting and taking his hand. "Ere Roscoe Davenant left me that fatal night, he told me all, and I bade him wed the woman he loved. Thus will I testify when the time comes. It, I trust, will save you. But, boy, we must be going. It is my duty to re-conduct you to the jail."

Woodward Janvier returned with unfeigned cheerfulness to his old quarters, proud to know that the woman whom he had worshiped from afar, as the orientals worship stars, loved him with all a woman's heart.

At last the trial opened.

Ethel somewhat astonished the court with her testimony; but it could not break the chain of circumstantial evidence which threw its accursed coils around the prisoner, and he heard the doomful sentence of death.

All was lost!

Cloudless and beautiful broke the fatal Friday upon the world.

Woodward Janvier mounted the scaffold with firm tread. The ministers in attendance were reading consoling passages from the Book of books, when Ethel Icecliff was seen hastening toward the crowd, waving a letter above her head.

She dashed up the scaffold like a rocket, and thrust it into the sheriff's hands, before sinking at Woodward's feet insensible.

The spectators held their breaths, and after glancing at the chirography, which he

readily recognized, the officer read the missive. It was dated: "On board the Black Swallow, at sea, June —, 1852." It was written to Ethel by Roscoe Davenant!

"Let me see that letter!" cried Roger Davenant, pushing through the mass.

It was placed in his hand.

"Brother lives!" he cried, after glancing at the sacred contents of the letter; "and has cleansed our skirts of innocent blood. Three cheers for the good ship that brought such glorious tidings!"

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months \$1.00
One copy, one year 3.00
Two copies, one year 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:
HEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
38 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A SECOND ENOCH ARDEN!

In the forthcoming serial from the pen of the well-known

MRS. E. F. ELLET,

which we shall soon commence in our columns, we have a singular history, that of a

WOMAN WITH TWO LIVING HUSBANDS

—a virtual parallel of the exquisite incident commemorated in Tennyson's beautiful poem of Enoch Arden, but wholly unlike that sad, sweet story in the

INTENSE DRAMATIC INTEREST

which Mrs. Ellet has made the leading element of her powerful and enticing romance of

MAGDALENE'S MARRIAGE;

OR,
WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

Lovers of love stories will find in this something more than a commonplace version of the "Divine Passion." It is wholly unique and will create a profound impression.

Our Arm-Chair.

Don't Leave the Farm!—The tendency toward towns, which seems to animate farmers' sons, and the young men of the country villages, is a matter of such moment that our wisest men are trying to devise some practicable remedy for what they justly regard as an evil. That the larger towns and cities of all the land have a surplus of young men—that all the professions are overstocked—that trade is immensely overdone, and that real laborers and producers are too few—all are self-evident propositions; and the young man on the farm who leaves the tillage of the soil to seek other employ, knows that he at once becomes a competitor in a race where one in ten only can by any possibility win. But this knowledge, and all the hazards which are sure to confront him do not deter the country boy from his townward drift.

The evils resulting from this state of things are manifold. It affects the old soil-tiller, by leaving him short of help, and he gives up the culture of the land from inability to work it. Next, the young man inevitably seeks channels of employ already overfull, and this begets trouble, low wages and eventually crime; for, being defeated in the pursuit of gain in an honest way, the temptation to dishonesty and speculation lures thousands into forbidden paths. Then the resolve to leave the farm begets an indifference to special acquirement, and the young man really enters upon life anew at twenty-one—his previous experience being all wasted knowledge in his town life. This is a waste of precious years and good experience, which, if the young man had remained upon the farm, would have borne happy results.

All these, and other evils, follow this strange infatuation of our youth to crowd into towns—to live without what they call "hard work"—to play the "gentleman"—to become quickly rich. As if the soil-tiller was not the real lord of the realm—as if the farm was not the best place in the world to live on—as if the intelligence and happiness of the country home could not become supreme!

We have but one word of advice to offer our young country friends: don't leave a certainty for an uncertainty. The farm is the certainty—the town life the uncertainty. The farm life, by a resolve to make it intelligent, can become by far the most genial and satisfactory of all ways of livelihood; and never, in America, will this "good time" come, which is to bring widespread content and happiness, until our farmers' boys and our tradesmen's sons, and mechanics' lads, learn to love the land which their own hands shall till.

Dissatisfied People.—Many letters that drift across the editor's table prove this to be true—that very few persons are satisfied with their positions in life. Girls wish for a "better circle" to move in; boys want to be rich and great in a year's time; young men fret under the harness of necessary toil and trouble; and so the record runs—almost every other person you meet, if you can get at them in confidential converse, are dissatisfied.

Now, is not this both wrong and foolish? This life is so rich in rewards for all well-doing—there is so much happiness, for all who know how to garner it—that it, to our apprehension, answers poorly for the person who, having health and youth, complains of fate, and goes through the world grumbling. A little good sense, an honest independence, and a resolve to be happy, in whatever sphere the person moves, would greatly add to the aggregate of our life-rewards and our years.

Stage Life.—A correspondent from St. Louis writes:

"I think I have talent for the stage. I am a good speaker (evidently); I can do or imitate well; I appreciate the drama and know what is good playing, so why should I not become an actor?"

For eminent dramatic talent there is always room, as there is for an eminent doctor, lawyer or preacher; but for mediocre talent there really is no want. Good stock actors to-day are not by any means scarce in a steady engagement, and wages with such average lower than in any other profession for the same comparative standing. A good many most excellent men and women playwrights are compelled to abandon the large city theaters for engagements in troupes which travel because there is no room for them on the "stock" lists.

And this surfeit will always continue, since hundreds of impulsive, inexperienced and over-confident people every year, rush into the dramatic profession only to add to the already large list of those who barely sustain themselves by their utmost devotion to their work.

Select some other vocation than that of actor, is our reply; but, if you will not be thus advised, prepare yourself for the stage by the severest mental discipline which you can undergo, for only by such discipline can you ever hope for any thing like eminent success.

THE NEIGHBOR I LIKE.

She keeps the affairs of others to herself, and never lets any thing ruffle the smooth surface of her temper. She never judges others; and, if she does find one of her neighbors going wrong, she consoles herself with the thought that perhaps she isn't as bad as she is made out to be.

She never neglects her own work, to notice what others are about; and never keeps an account of how many barrels of flour this person or that person has in a year.

She can not tell you whether Mr. Z. buys his tea by the pound or half pound, and is not acquainted enough with Mr. X's affairs to know whether he pays his debts or not.

If she doesn't visit all the sewing-circles, it is because she has her own house to take care of, and that her own children's garments require her spare time.

If she hears of a family in destitute circumstances, she does not stop to deliberate whether the poverty has been brought on by extravagance, and does not wait to call a meeting of her friends to decide as to the propriety of doing some good for the sufferers, but she goes and does it!

If I am in trouble, I can find a true sympathizer in her, and she'll keep all the little secrets I impart to her.

She does not believe in this wholesale telling of what is said about people. If it is of ill report, she knows it will make me feel uncomfortable, and she locks it up in her heart.

If the young folks desire to get up some amusement, she doesn't crush it all by her talk of its "being foolish," etc.; but she sends word that if she can be of any assistance, we must not hesitate to call upon her; and, as a reward, she gains their hearty good will.

It never troubles her to have people arrive and depart, without their communicating all their family history, prospects, etc. It is none of her affairs, and she prefers not to know.

She never borrows my newspaper or magazines, preferring to have her own, and if she can't afford to take them, she doesn't borrow them. Knowing this, what real pleasure it gives me to see that she does read mine!

She makes it a rule not to meddle with other people's children, believing that her own brood needs as much of her care as she can give.

Strange to say she does not believe all that the papers contain, but she believes that moral truths can be shown to advantage under the guise of fiction—which shows her good sense—and thinks a book should not be thrown aside merely because it is not the real, actual truth.

If your plans do not turn out to the best advantage, and you are feeling quite ill, concerning them, she doesn't act as a "Job's comforter," and exclaim: "There, didn't I tell you so?" or, "I knew how it would be!" No, she says: "Never mind; we can't all foresee how things will turn out, and it's best not to brood over our troubles, for they are always sent for some good end, even if we can not see it at the time."

She never interferes with me in any way, and will not remark throughout the neighborhood that I am "so remarkably unsociable," just because I am not able to leave off my writing to attend to her. If she sees I am busy, she makes an excuse and leaves, calling at a time when I am disengaged; then, of course, I am very glad to see her.

Fashions trouble her but little; and if a person's garments are not exactly what she considers to be becoming, she keeps her tongue quiet, and doubtless thinks that every one must be allowed to have a taste of their own. That shows her wisdom.

We've all got our agreeable and disagreeable neighbors, haven't we? Now, I know when you get your rights (which will you vote for, the woman who minds her own business or her who minds everybody's affairs but her own? EYE LAWLESS.

A GOOD TRAIT.

A FRIEND of mine, the other day, had been questioning me concerning one of my friends whom I valued highly, and naturally I was prone to give him as good a character as I thought he was deserving of. At the close of my remarks I said: "Well, now, what is your opinion of him?" He answered me very frankly and candidly: "I don't like him."

"May I ask why?" I responded.
"I do not like to say; as you think well of him, I do not wish to lower him in your estimation, by saying what my reasons are," was his answer.

A trite sermon in a very few words—a lesson in brief—a moral, without a long story to it—and a Christian deed in a short maxim. He did not hint around, or insinuate this thing or that; although he could not like him or praise him to me, he would not lower him in my estimation. His few words saved me a deal of trouble. Had he told me his reasons for dislike, the chances are, I should have thought less of him, and the friendship I had for my other friend might have diminished. It is a decidedly good thing to think before you speak, as the above case plainly shows.

If it is in the nature of your humanity to say evil of others, let it be a secret locked within the breast, the key turned upon it, and the key thrown into mid-ocean. If every one had the noble trait of my friend, there would be very little scandal. Gossip would run short of stock, and be compelled to open store by minding their own affairs, which they should have done long before this. No one living but has some fault, and no existing creature, however vile, but there is a germ of goodness somewhere. The Lord has said that Charity is greater than Faith and Hope, and by Charity is not only meant the giving of your large stores to others, even if you do it with ever so ready a hand; it means that you should be charitable to your neighbors' faults and shortcomings, and when you can not say good of a person, keep silent. Silence will rarely bring you into trouble or turmoil, and being cheap, it is also profitable. Think what you please, but don't strive to make others think

such a person is bad, simply because you do not like him.

Reports circulate very freely and quickly in our day, and like the old-time poem of the "Three Black Crows," you will find they grow, instead of lose, as they travel.

Cultivate this noble trait of keeping still in your evil thoughts of others. Better not have these thoughts at all, yet if they will come to you, don't blazon them out to others. You want not others to speak ill of you, then why speak ill of them? Be true to others as you would be to yourself.

"To thine own self be true; and keep Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from sell; Press on! and thou shalt surely reap A heavenly harvest for thy toil."

F. S. F.

SHORT LECTURES ON DRESS.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

HATS.

No gentleman can be said to be completely dressed without a hat, unless by some chance the gentleman has lost his head, when, of course, head covering would be superfluous.

Coverings for the head have been of a great variety of shapes and patterns. The original was a good head of hair, but that has been out of fashion for a long time. To uncover the head before one's superior is a very ancient custom. The well-meaning though impetuous American savage insists upon an observance of the custom with so much vehemence that he sometimes takes the hair quite off a man's head. Wigs are useful as well as ornamental under such circumstances. A friend of mine once fell among Indians while crossing the plains and escaped being scalped by a mere scratch.

The stove-pipe hat is very much worn among gentlemen, yet it isn't safe to consider every man a "slouch" who wears a slouch hat. The stove-pipe hat received its name on account of a tradition to the effect that the first hat of the kind was made on a stove-pipe. I never made a hat on a stove-pipe—but I have made one on a horse-race before now.

Young men who go courting should be particular what sort of tile they wear. I once knew a very excellent youth who was refused by a young lady, simply because she "didn't like his (style)." When Kossuth came to this country in pursuit of Hungarian independence, which he seemed to have some difficulty in finding at home, he introduced the Kossuth hat, which was universally worn in a very short time.

The original "Kossuth" had a feather in it. Sympathy for the Hungarian cause ran high in those days, and to give outward expression to it was considered a feather in any man's cap. I have known men to go Hungary for days in order to sport a Kossuth hat and feather. Bear-skin hats are only worn by the military. Looking down on the tops of men's heads in the church or theater, and counting the bare skins their shining scalps present, one can estimate the number of military present.

Straw hats are cool in summer, though they are much cooler in the winter. You rarely see a straw hat in the country that wasn't kept over from last summer. I went out fishing on Lake Erie once, all alone, in a straw hat. The boat sprang a leak two miles from shore, and I had to bail it out with my hat to keep afloat. I got ashore at length, but realized how hard it was to get out on straw bail.

Panama hats are not so fashionable as they once were. They are made in Massachusetts for the most part, and Panama didn't hear of them until a short time ago. Native Mexicans wear a sombrero. I bought a sombrero while I was in Mexico, and found it was some brero while the rest was imitation.

Quakers wear a broad-brim hat. William Penn was a Quaker, and he was (broad) brimful of benevolence and charity, commensurate with that very excellent Quaker quality the knack of getting the best end of a bargain. In his celebrated treaty with the Indians he showed how the Penn was mightier than the tomahawk. I can imagine the smile of benignant love which mellowed beneath his broad-brimmed hat as he exchanged little strips of red flannel, bits of looking-glass, children's marbles, hotel cards, etc., for the territory of Pennsylvania.

After going "all around my hats," I might say a word about caps. There is the cloth cap, the cap, skating cap, base-ball cap, and "cap" for various other little games; smoking-cap, fatigue-cap, and night-cap. When the "night-cap" consists of a hot whisky punch, it is generally a Scotch cap. Then follow percussion-cap, knee-cap, cap the climax, and "All right, Cap!" Finally, my hearers, it makes very little difference what kind of a hat or cap you wear so that your head is level; and remember, it is better to wear a shocking bad hat soberly than the most fashionable and glistening castor with a "brick" in it.

FLOWER CULTURE.

THERE is certainly no work that affords at the same time such a tonic for the mind and body as that performed in the open air among flowers. The very consciousness that we are not working for any gross utilitarian purpose, but are, in our small way, helping to bring forth beautiful forms, colors, and perfumes, lifts us for the time above the created, and nearer the Creator; gives us a hint of the delicious enthusiasm that fills the artist soul when it blossoms in a poem or a picture. While the blood, exhilarated with its supplies of oxygen, reddens the cheek, and rushes joyfully through the veins, the heart forgetting its narrow cares, its petty triumphs and defeats, grows humble, and pure, and opens itself to the sweet influences around it, as the flowers to the sun and dew. And what a fresh, sweet pleasure to watch a favorite plant from the moment when the first delicate green pierces the brown earth, through all its lovely development, till at last it stands perfect, wearing its crown of blossoms!

"The winter is over and gone."

The bright days now and then tempt us beyond the streets, and already the moist turf yields to our tread, and the air brings to our senses something vague and indefinable; something that we are never conscious of in any other season; now we begin to think of our flower-beds, and our borders, and are interested in the low of bulbs and tubers and seeds. Apropos of this interest, a bit of information concerning a flower rarely seen in our gardens, yet much sought for its beauty and fragrance, may not be amiss:

The tube rose is a native of the East Indies, but was carried westward over two hundred years ago. Until very lately all the dried bulbs from which the flower is grown were exported from Italy, but they are beginning to be successfully ripened in New Jersey.

An authority says: "The great want of success in growing this plant is caused by too poor a soil, too little water, and too little heat at the root. A hot bed is necessary, though it be of the simplest kind. About the first of April, select tubers by their size and firmness, and their absence of offsets; prepare seven-inch pots, with the usual drainage, charcoal being the best; over this place about four inches of old, dry cow manure, picked up in the pasture, broken fine, but not sifted. Then fill the pot nearly full of a compost of nearly equal parts of sand, loam, peat, and last year's hot-bed, with a slight admixture of charcoal dust; prepare the roots by removing the outer scale or coating, and any embryo offsets that may be detected; put them in the compost, just covering them from sight, and then fill the pot with spent bark of tan, and plunge the pot to the rim in tan, which, by the way, we deem the very best material in which to plunge pots in the hot-bed, as it retains well the heat and moisture. Soon they begin to strike root, and the foliage to show its tips; then give slight waterings till indications of 'spindling' appear; then increase the water so much as to solve to some extent the broken manure, and thereby allow of consolidation by firm pressure upon the top surface; watch closely for offsets, and as they appear, split them off by inserting the thumb between them and the parent, keeping the strength where it is needed. The best practice is to retain them in the pots, and keep the pots in the hot beds, unless they become so tall as to interfere with the sashes. When blossoms begin to appear, remove them to an arbor, or any sheltered place, to secure shade to some extent, and thus preserve the natural delicacy of the flower."

F. M. B.

Foolscap Papers.

Our New House.

OUR new house is completed, and, as we have just got into it and settled down, we would be pleased to see our friends. The house is of the newest style. I was the sole architect and superintendent. It has four stories—taken from the SATURDAY JOURNAL by permission of the Editor—and was shingled by a No. 1 barber with a pair of shears. The eaves and adams of the roof are supported by elaborate parenthetical brackets. The general design of the house is the Lonic-Nick being the carpenter's name who did the work.

The rooms are all circularly square and plastered with the porous plaster; the ceilings are painted in imitation of the firmament with all the stars and a few comets, so brilliant that we are in starlight at any time.

The windows have been all furnished with the regular military sash with counterpanes, and capped with cast-iron night-caps, and there are several bay-window windows, and as the wood-work is all beautifully molded, owing to the continued damp weather, the effect is very fine, and the mantelpieces are finely inlaid with mother and father of pearl. This inlay caused a considerable outlay.

The house has a double and single entry, kept by an experienced book-keeper, and the porticoes are supported by columns elegantly fluted by an old flute-player, surrounded with fine Corinthian and Roman capitals in the renaissance style S. T. X.—1860.

The outside of the house is finely weather-boarded, it having been boarded for two months by a No. 1 boarding-house keeper, and as there are 31 doors in the house we can never be said to be out of doors; each door being furnished with locks from the Erie canal and a key to algebra. There are several fine flights of stairs in the house, at which everybody stares, and they are ascently beautiful; the steps having all been taken from the latest fancy dances. The carpenter tried to stop their flight, but they went up in spite of him.

The house was built principally on time and a stone foundation, and is surrounded with debts and a beautiful lawn. The house at night is lighted up with laughing-gas; the effect is joyful. All the stoves are wood-stoves, that is, they are made of wood.

I have had a vestry made in it expressly for my vests, a pantry for my pants, and a coterie for my coats, and the roof is supported by old rafters from the Mississippi, at sixty dollars a month.

It has been said that we are going to take in boarders into our rooms, but these are mere rumors, and should not be listened to.

I have a beautiful cabinet. I bought it of the President; it is one of his old ones. And I have one of the best furnished libraries in the United States, but there are no books in it. It's a real beauty.

It's my design to build another house around this one, to keep the rain off, and mask a battery of forty parrot guns at the front door, to try and protect my life and property from the invasions of assessors, book agents, and other encroaching nomads of the desert.

The furniture is all nicely up and down holstered, and covered with chintz, as are also the beds in particular. The feet of the sofas and chairs have shoes and stockings on; the piano's feet, though, are barefooted.

The tongs have cassimere pants on of the latest cut, and all wear hats at which the sides of the rooms shake with laughter, and the fire-shovel shows a full set of teeth, and scratches its head.

We dine off the latest Paris fashion plates, and the leaves of the table are perpetually green, and we drink out of half-pint looking-glasses.

Among the rare paintings on the walls is one of an ancestor of mine who was an officer to Richard the Third—on the stage—in full regiments, and one of myself at four years of age in the first stages of molasses-candy.

Among the beautiful furniture of our new house is a full-toned cremona wash-tub, upon which my wife has forced me to take lessons, though my playing looks to me a good deal like manual labor. I sing the soap-rano parts.

Our house is now open, and we shall be glad to receive parties—donation parties—every night when suppers are not expected in return.

Respectfully,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. retained that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage, two cents per every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book M., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS.; as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We shall have to decline, for various reasons, the following contributions, viz.: "Amy's Music Master," "Contributions by W. W.," "The Old Fortress of the Lucas," "Laura's Race," "A Bad Time Coming," "The Gros Grain," "Little Sins," "The True Life," "A Well-kept Secret," "No Knowing Why." Several of these are excellent of their kind. All have been returned where stamps were inclosed for such return.

ANALOGY. You should not attempt to criticize every different passage in the Bible. The Bible is a history of an age so far remote from the present era, that of course many seem to be in the most obvious error among the different writers. For example in our histories of to-day, of great events, different historians have their own peculiar method of expressing facts as they occur, and accounts of the same incident may appear totally foreign to each other, when told by different writers. The Bible expresses each writer's own impression of events, we take into consideration the vast diversity of age and circumstances under which it was written, it is remarkably consistent in all the main ideas of life, death and the future.

ARTIST. Sculpture, as an art, was first known, we believe, twenty-three centuries before Christ. It first originated in the modeling of figures in soft substances, and, as ages progressed, the art of carving in wood, stone, marble, and cutting in metal began, and has been carried to a wonderful degree of perfection in this generation.

WALLACE. What is called "second sight" is an old superstition of the Highlanders in "bonnie Scotland." It believes in the power of persons, under certain influences, or states of disease, looking into futurity, and expressing their ideal fancies as if they were present in the reality.

PATL. The word Secretary is derived from the French, *clercs du secret*, which, in older times, referred to the secret clerk of a king—*id est*—the confidential attendant who was supposed to know all of his ruler's secrets, and in later times, to be more general in use, and now is considered, as it were, a rank conferred upon different individuals, the duties thereof differing greatly, according to the position occupied.

HOST. The true sherry wine is made from grapes grown in the province of Andalusia, near Cordis, Spain. In its manufacture, both red and white grapes are used, and great care is taken both in the culture of the fruit and the making of the wine.

M. D. The word Skeleton is derived from the Greek *skelto*—which in English means "I did." **SOUTHERNER.** The Quakers were the first to agitate the abolition of slavery in England and America, and in 1761 that sect totally excluded any of its members from owning slaves.

ERTH. L. L. John Smith—the name is still famous on account of the numbers bearing it—but what we call, in America, the original John Smith, was born in England in 1579, and died in London in the year 1631.

SAILOR CHURCH.—The word *Starboard* refers to the right side of a ship, looking toward the bow, and the left is the *Port* side.

ATTENTION. In commencing to write for publication, you should study incident, a pleasant and easy way of expressing your thoughts; brevity and point in description, and as clear a hand-writing as possible, writing only upon one side of the paper, and carefully numbering each page.

NELLIE GRANT. Do not marry a man unless you love him, no matter if it is the wish of your parents, and he is wealthy; you had better be happy with a poor man whom you truly love, than miserable with one whom you do not love. These "marriages of convenience" are, generally, a source of unhappiness. A parent who discards a young man because he is poor, is not worthy to be a parent.

OLIVER SCHOOLBOY. Do not undertake more studies than you can master, and do not endeavor to learn them thoroughly, rather than endeavor to master Greek, Latin, French and German at once. This is too much for a young man to attempt.

DEXTER. If you desire to become a good horseman, it is not necessary to go to the country for that purpose, as at the Washington Riding Academy, on 6th avenue and 20th street, many a horse is given in riding to both ladies and gentlemen.

H. H. G. Rochester. You do very wrong to use every new Quack application that is advertised to make hair grow. You had better be happy with doing, if you are not careful. Cold water applied to the head every morning, with a good rubbing, is the best remedy to prevent baldness. When once baldness has fairly shown itself, you know no remedy can restore the hair growth—the patent medicine advertisers to the contrary notwithstanding.

MAUDE. "Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing," for a man who would suggest that you should "take a little trip up to Albany and back, just for the fun of it," when he knows it is against the wishes of your mother, and of whose face you can not see, and you did right to remain but a few moments. If he excused of a "head-ache," was not sufficient for such rudeness, and in laughing at your friend for falling over a stool when bowing himself out, was shameful. You certainly should give up such a friend as the young lady in question.

CHARLES KIDDER. The estimated losses by the great fire in this city during the winter of 1857, was \$30,000,000, while the Chicago losses by the recent conflagration, show figures to the amount of \$300,000,000. Never in this country was there a parallel to be compared to the recent Chicago fire, nor, in fact, in the world, for centuries. In Rome and Moscow, also in Russia, centuries ago, many a parallel could be found. During the year 1586, the latter city was nearly destroyed, being set on fire by its own inhabitants, for political purposes; then, in 1671, this time it being fired by the Tartars. During the latter fire one hundred thousand people were supposed to have perished in the flames.

WILLIAM TRELL. It was the British soldiers, and not the Spanish, who suffered death by suffocation from being locked in the "Black Hole" of Calcutta. This was in June, 1756.

W. CALWORTH. We know of no more delightful hunting country to visit than the Adirondacks. A great many good sportsmen also go to Putnam's, near Babylon, L. I.

WARREN H. D. There is no cure for bow-legs, after a child reaches a certain age, that we have ever heard of. By the means of steel supports and band applied to the legs of very young children, the evil of having crooked limbs is frequently prevented, but the application of these must be made under the direction of a skillful physician.

WERTON MAYO asks: "What is a Dandy? please tell me, an editor, that has read me, and by your definition I will find out if I deserve so." If Mr. Werton Mayo is simply "a cloth-wearing man"—that is, a man who wears a coat and trousers and delight to wear clothes—devoting his faculties, purse and person to being well-dressed—living alone to dress, instead of dress-making—then we must say he is a Dandy. Let him decide.

MISS SEEVER. Felts are used for both hats and bonnets: upon drab and gray felts, chert or blue feathers present a very pleasing contrast, and relieve the monotony of the quieter hues.

STUDENT. The leaves of the Ginkgo plant are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and for other similar surface wounds. Bruise two or three of the leaves, apply them to the part injured, and in a short time the wound will be cicatrized.

LITTLE GIRL. A neat apron for young misses can be made of linen cambré, trimmed with a ruffle of the goods, finished with Hamburg edging. The waist and skirt-fronts must be cut in one piece, rounded at the bottom, and cut in the neck, joining at the shoulder-seams, the front and the back, above the belt, is of similar shape as the front.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE RIVAL MONARCHS.

BY FRANK M. LEMIRE.

'Tis eve, the monarch comes again,
In silken chariot drawn,
Bidding his glittering sentinels
Their vigil keep 'till morning dawn.
He casts his shining scepter o'er
The broad, unfathomed sea;
And hangs his glistening panoply
On mountain crest and tree.
Beneath his vast, unbounded sway,
Silence and danger tread;
The earth, wrapped in this halo, seems
A city of the dead.
A mist floats round his glimmering train,
His power is well-nigh gone;
His body-guard, with pallor white,
Evanish one by one.
Laying in billowy, foamy clouds,
The morning queen appears,
Quaffing from out her jeweled cup
Old night's proud, bitter tears.
She bids her palace doors unclose,
And splendor yet untold
Bursts forth: her aerial messengers
Are robed in molten gold.
She flings her blazoned banners out,
And garbed in roseate hue
She steps upon her burnished throne
Sparkling with perturbed dew.
The hurled stars, with molten rings,
While one triumphant lay
Is wafted from the waking world
To greet the Queen of day!

Tracked to Death:
OR,
THE LAST SHOT.BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANGERS,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COON-HUNTER AT HOME.

THERE was yet a lingering ray of daylight in the cleared ground of Ephraim Darke's plantation when the coon-hunter, returning from his interrupted chase, got back to the negro quarter. He had entered it, as already told, with stealthy tread, and looking cautiously around him. For he knew that some of his fellow-slaves were aware of his having gone out "a-cooning," and would wonder at his early return—too early to pass without observation. If seen by them he might be asked for an explanation, and this he was not prepared to give.

This it was that caused him to skulk in among the cabins; still carrying the dog under his arm, lest the animal might take a fancy to go scenting among the pots of some other darkey's kitchen, and so betray his presence in the "quarter."

Fortunately for the coon-hunter, the little "shanty" that claimed him as its tenant stood at the outward extremity of the row of cabins—nearest the path leading to the plantation woodland. He was therefore enabled to re-enter without much chance of attracting observation.

As it so chanced, he was not observed; but got back into the bosom of his family, without any one being the wiser.

Blue Bill's domestic circle consisted of his wife, Phoebe, and several half-naked pickaninnies. Once more among them, however, he found he was still not safe, but had yet a ganilet to run. His reappearance so soon, unexpected, his empty game-bag; the coon-dog tucked under his arm; all had their effect upon Phoebe. She could not help feeling astonishment, nor did she bear it in silence.

"Bress de Lor, Bill! Wha' for you so soon home? Neider coon nor possum! An' de dog toated after dat fashum! You ain't been a gone more 'n a hour! Who'd speck see you come back dat-a-way, empy-handed; nuffin, 'cep you own ole dog! 'Splain it, Bill!"

The coon-hunter dropped his canine companion to the floor, and sat down upon a stool, but without giving the demanded explanation. He only said:

"Nebba mind, Phoebe, gal; nebba you mind why I home so soon. Dat's nuffin 'trange. I see'd de night warn't a-gwine to be fav'able fo' trackin' de coon; so dis nigger konkloed ter leab ole cooney alone."

"Looke hya, Bill!" said his wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and gazing earnestly into his eyes. "Dat ere ain't de coorek explicashun. Yea ain't tellin' me de troof!"

The coon-hunter quailed under the searching glance, but still said nothing. He was at a loss what answer to make.

"Dat's somethin' mysterus 'bout dis," continued his better half. "You've got a secret, nigga; I kin tell it by de glint ob yer eye. I nebba see dat look on ye, but I know you ain't yaseff; jess as ye use desceve me when you was in sich a way 'bout brown Bet."

"Wha you talkin' 'bout, Phoebe? Dar's no brown Bet in de case. I swa'r dar ain't."

"Who s'ayed dar war? No, Bill, dat's all past. I only spoked ob her 'cause yar look jess now like ye did when Bet used bamboozle ye. Wha I say now an' dat you ain't yaseff. Dar's a cat in de bag, some-wha; you better let her out, an' tell me de whole 'tory."

As Phoebe made this appeal, her glance rested searchingly upon her husband's face, and keenly scrutinized the play of his features.

There was not much play to be observed. The coon-hunter was a pure-blooded African, with features immobile as those of the Sphinx. And from his color nothing could be deduced. As already said, it was the purity of its ebony blackness, producing a sort of purple iridescence over the epidermis, that had given him his sobriquet of "Blue Bill."

Unflinchingly he stood the inquisitorial glance; and for the time Phoebe was foiled.

Only until after supper, when the fragrant steam of the meal—made so by the barren chase—had perhaps something to do in melting the heart and relaxing the tongue of the coon-hunter. Whether this, or whatever was the cause, certain that before going to bed, he unburdened himself to his beloved Phoebe, by making full confession to her of what he had witnessed on the swamp edge.

He told also of the letter he had picked up; which he now cautiously pulled out of his pocket, and handed it to his better half.

Phoebe had once been a family servant—an indoor domestic, and handmaiden to her white mistress. This was in the days of youth—the halcyon days of girlhood, in "Ole Varginny"—before she had been transported west, sold to Ephraim Darke, and by him degraded to the lot of an ordinary outdoor slave. But her original owner had taught her to "read," and her memory still retained a trace of this early education

—sufficient for her to decipher the script her husband had put into her hands.

She first looked at the photograph; as it came first out of the envelope. There could be no mistaking whose portrait it was. Helen Armstrong was so conspicuously beautiful to have escaped the notice of the humblest slave in the settlement. Too good also; for, as a friend to the negroes, she was known to them throughout the whole line of river plantations.

Blue Bill's spouse spent some minutes gazing upon the fair face, as she did so, remarking:

"How bewful am dat young lady! What pity she gone 'way from de place!"

Then, spreading out the sheet of paper, and holding it close to the flare of the tallow dip, she read:

"DEAR CHARLES—When we last met under the magnolia you asked me a question. I told you I would answer it in writing. I now keep my promise, and you will find the answer underneath my own very imperfect image, which I herewith send inclosed. Papa has finally fixed the day of our departure from the old home. On Tuesday next we are to set out in search of a new one. Will it ever be as dear as that we leave behind? The answer will depend upon—need I say who? After reading what I have written upon the picture, surely you can guess. There, I have confessed all—all woman can, could, or should. In six little words I have made over to you my heart. Accept them as its surrender!"

"And now, Charles, to speak of things more prosaic, as in this hard world we are constrained to do. On Tuesday morning—at a very early hour, I believe—a boat will leave Natchez, and bound up the Red River. Upon it we travel as far as Natchitoches. There we are to remain for some time, while papa makes preparations for our further transport into Texas. As yet he is not certain what part of the 'Lone Star' State he will select for our future home. He speaks of a place upon the head-waters of the Colorado river, said to be a beautiful country; which you, having been out there, will know all about. In any case, we are to remain some time—at least six weeks—in Natchitoches; and



"Go there, image of one once loved—picture of one who has been false."

there, Charles Clancy, I need not tell you, there is a post-office for receiving letters, as also for delivering them. Mind, I say, for delivering them! Before we leave for the far prairies, where there may be neither post-office nor post, I shall write you full particulars about our intended 'location'—with directions how to find it. Need I be very minute? Or can I promise myself that your wonderful skill as a 'tracker,' of which we've heard, will enable you to discover it? They say Love is blind. I hope, dear Charles, yours will not be so; else you may not find the way to your sweetheart in the wilderness.

"How I go on talking, or rather writing, things I intended to say to you at our next meeting under the magnolia—our magnolia! Sad thought this, tagged to a pleasant expectation for it must be our last interview under the dear old tree. Our last anywhere, until we come together again in Texas—perhaps on some prairie where there are no trees. Well; we shall then meet, I hope, never more to part; and in the open daytime, where we shall need neither night nor tree shadows to conceal us. I'm sure papa, humbled as he now is, will no longer object. Dear Charles, I don't think he would have done so at any time, but for his reverses. They made him think of—never mind what. I shall tell you all under the magnolia."

"And now, master mine—this makes you so—be punctual! Monday night, and ten o'clock—the old hour. Remember that next morning I shall be gone, long before the wild-wind songsters are singing their 'reveille' to awake you. Fate drops this into our tree post-office to-night—Saturday night. You have told me you go there every day. Then you will be sure of getting it in time; and once more I may listen to your flattery, as you quoted the old song, about 'showing the night flowers their queen.'"

"Oh, Charles, how sweet that was, is, and ever will be, to yours,
HELEN ARMSTRONG."

The coon-hunter, thus made acquainted with the contents of the epistle he had picked up, had cuteness enough to see how things stood; above all, how he would himself be compromised by disclosing what chance had made known to him.

Before retiring to rest he enjoined secrecy on his sable spouse; pointing out to her the danger of any revelation—to him almost certain death; or, if not this, the certainty of punishment by torture.

Phoebe could well comprehend his words; and, promising compliance, the two went to sleep in the midst of their pickaninnies, determined upon retaining the lost letter, and keeping silent about its contents.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE "BELLE OF NATCHEZ."

WHILE search was being made for the body of Charles Clancy—while that of his mother, alike murdered, was lying cold upon her bed of death—while the murderer of both was cowering within the cell of a prison—a steamboat was cleaving the current of the Red River of Louisiana; slowly forging its way up stream; its single paddle-wheel—for it had only one—beating the ocher-laden water into foam that, floating far behind, dancing and shimmering upon the surface, formed a wake-way of what appeared to be blood-froth.

It was a little "stern-wheel" steamer, such as in those days plied upon many of the tributaries of the Mississippi; the impulsive never being confined to a single set of paddles, placed where the rudder acts in most other vessels, and looking very much like the wheel of an old-fashioned water-mill.

The boat in question was called the "Belle of Natchez," perhaps somewhat pretentiously, for it was but an indifferent sort of craft, small in size, and poor in its appointments. On the particular trip of which we are speaking, it might more appropriately have laid claim to the distinctive appellation; since it carried a young lady who, for a time, had borne it without denial or dispute.

The lady was Helen Armstrong, the "Belle of Natchez." By singular coincidence, the boat also bearing this title was bearing her away from her Mississippian home—from scenes long loved and cherished; once joyful, now sad; in retrospect only sacred to the sacrifice of her heart.

Was she leaving that heart behind her? No. It was with her, within her breast; but breaking—well-nigh broken.

"The 'high-pressure' steam-craft that ply upon the western rivers of America, have but slight resemblance to the black,

also ladies, sat around them to read, play cabbage, perhaps, take a hand at some round game of cards, as "vingt-un" or "beggar-my-neighbor." The square games often not so square as regards the honesty of the play—were carried on in the bar-saloon, further forward.

On this particular "trip" there chanced to be many lady passengers on board the Belle of Natchez—several of them accomplished and agreeable—so that the Armstrong girls had no need to be the victims of solitude.

For all this, one of them was—seeming to prefer it.

Is it necessary to say which? No. The reader has already said—Helen.

Escaping from the saloon, with its continuous hum of conversation—from speeches that but wearied, and compliments that only annoyed her—she had taken refuge on the stern-guards of the boat, abate the ladies' cabin. Notwithstanding the hour, she there found herself alone. The other ladies had each some attraction to keep them inside—her sister as the rest.

In Jessie's case it was a young planter named Dupre, a Louisianian Creole, who had his plantation in the neighborhood of Natchitoches, whither the boat was bearing them. He had been to Natchez upon business, and was now returning home.

His handsome features, dark complexion, coal-black eyes, and gracefully-curling hair had made havoc with the heart of Jessie Armstrong in less than twenty-four hours after their first meeting; while her contrasting colors of red, blue, and gold seemed to have held their own in the amorous encounter.

Before the Belle of Natchez had steamed fifty miles up Red River, two of her passengers, Ellen Armstrong and Louis Dupre, showed unmistakable symptoms of making a much longer voyage in company—in short, a companionship for life.

Colonel Armstrong took note of their

destroy it—this, and all would be over! Sadness, jealousy, disappointed love—these bitter passions, and all others alike—could be cured by one little effort—a leap into oblivion!

Her nerves were fast becoming strung to the taking of it. Behind her all seemed dark, before still darker. For her, life had lost its fascinations, while death was equally divested of its terrors.

Suicide in one so young, so fair, so incomparably lovely, one capable of charming others, no longer to be charmed herself. Suicide, fearful to think of; and yet was she contemplating it!

She stood upon the guards, wavering, irresolute. It was no lingering love of life, nor fear of death, that caused her to hesitate. Nor yet the horrid form of death she could not fail to see before her, sprung she but over that slight railing. The moon was up, coursing the sky above in full effulgence, her beams falling upon the broad bosom of the river. At intervals the boat, keeping the deeper channel, was forced close to either bank. Then, as the surging eddies set the floating, but stationary, logs in motion, the huge sawn sleep on them could be heard giving a grunt at having been so rudely awakened, and pitching over into the current with a sullen plunge.

She saw and heard all this. It should have shaken her nerves, and caused trembling throughout her frame.

It did not one, nor the other. The despair of life deadened all dread of death—even of being embraced and devoured by an alligator.

Fortunately, at that moment, a gentle hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a soft voice sounded in her ear. They were the hand and voice of her sister.

Jessie, coming out from the state-room behind, had glided silently up. She saw Helen prepossessed—sad; and could divine the cause. She little knew how near things had been to a fatal climax, little dreamt of the diversion her coming had caused.

"Helen!" she said, caressingly, "why do you stay out here? The night is chilly; and they say the swampy air of this Red River country is full of miasma, with fevers to follow, and agues to shake the comb out of one's hair! Let us go inside, sister! There's right good company in the cabin, and we're going to have a round game at cards—vingt-un, or something of the sort. Come in with me!"

Helen turned round, trembling at her sister's touch, as if she had been a criminal, and it was the sheriff's hand she felt upon her shoulder.

Jessie noticed the strange, strong emotion. She could not fail to do so. Attributing it to its remotest cause, that morning confided to her, she said:

"Be a woman, Helen!—a true, strong woman, as I know you are! Don't think of him any more. There's a new world, a new life, opening to both of us. Forget the sorrows of the past, as I shall. Pluck Charles Clancy from your heart, and fling every memory, every thought of him, to the winds! I say, again, be a woman—be yourself! Forget the past, and think only of the future—of our father!"

The words came like a galvanic shock, at the same time soft and soothing as balm. They had this effect upon the spirit of Helen Armstrong. They had touched the chord of filial affection.

It vibrated true to the touch. Flinging her arms around Jessie's neck, and kissing her rose-tinted cheek, she said:

"Sister, you have saved me!"

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT BECAME OF HER?

"Sister, you have saved me!"

Such was Helen Armstrong's speech, as she placed her head on her sister's shoulder and pressed her cheek with lips pouring forth affection.

Returning the kiss, Jessie looked not a little perplexed. She could neither comprehend the meaning of the words nor their choking utterance. Equally was she at a loss to account for the convulsive trembling in her sister's frame, while their bosoms remained in contact.

Helen gave her no time to ask questions. "Go in!" she said, causing her sister to face round, and pushing her toward the state-room, "go in, and set the vingt-un a-going. I'll join you in the game by the time you have the cards dealt."

Jessie, glad to see her sister once more in a pleasant mood, made no protest, but gleefully re-entered the cabin.

As soon as her back was turned, Helen once more faced toward the river—stepping close up to the stern guard-rail. The wheel was still revolving its paddles as before, beating the water into bubbles, and casting the reddish-white spray afar over the surface of the river.

Now, she had no thought of flinging herself into the seething current, but doing this with something else.

"Before the game of vingt-un begins," she said, "here's a pack of cards to be dealt—his portrait among them."

As she spoke, she drew forth a packet of letters—evidently old letters—tied in a ribbon of blue silk. One after another, she pulled them free of the fastening—just as if dealing out cards. Each, as it came clear, was rent right across the middle, and tossed despectively into the stream.

At the bottom of the packet, after the letters had been all disposed of, was a photograph picture. It was a likeness of Charles Clancy given to her on one of those days when he had flung himself appealingly at her feet.

She did not tear it in twain, like the letters; though for a time this appeared to be her intent. Some thought striking her, she held it up before the moon, her eyes for a time resting upon and closely scanning it. Strange, wild memories, winters of them, seemed to roll over her face, while she thus made scrutiny of the features so indelibly impressed upon her soul. She was looking her last upon them, in the hope of being able to erase the image from her heart.

Who can tell what was then passing within that heart? Who could describe its desolation? Certainly no writer of romance. Whatever the resolve she had come to, for a time she appeared to hesitate about executing it.

Then, like an echo heard amidst the crashing waters, came back into her ear the words spoken by her sister:

"Let us think only of our father."

The thought decided her; and, stepping out to the extreme end of the guard-rail, she flung the photograph upon the paddles of the revolving wheel, as she did so, saying:

"Go there, image of one once loved—picture of one who has been false. Be

crushed and broken as he has broken my poor heart!"

The sigh that escaped her, as she surrendered the bit of cardboard, was more like a scream—a cry of anguish. It had the accent that could only come from what she had spoken of—a broken heart.

As she turned away to re-enter the cabin of the steamboat, she seemed ill-prepared for taking part, or pleasure, in a hand of cards.

And she took not either. That game of vingt-un was never played.

Still half-distraught with the agony through which her soul had passed—the traces of which she knew must be visible on her face—before appearing in the brilliantly-lighted saloon, she passed round the corner of the ladies' cabin, intending to enter her own state-room by the outside door.

It was but to spend a moment before her looking-glass, to arrange her toilet, her dress, the coiffure of her hair—perhaps the expression of her face—all things that to a man may appear trivial, but to a woman important—even in the hour of sadness and despair. No blame to woman for acting thus. It is but an instinct—the primary care of her life—the secret spring of her influence and power.

In repairing to her toilette, Helen Armstrong was but following the example of her sex.

She did not follow it far—not so far as to get before the looking glass, or even inside the room. Before entering it, she made stop by the door, and stood with face turned toward the river's bank. The boat had sheered close in shore; so close that the tall forest trees shadowed her track—the tips of their branches almost sweeping the hurricane-deck.

They were cypresses, festooned with Spanish moss, that hung down like the drapery of a death-bed. One was blighted, stretching forth bare limbs, blanched white by the weather, desiccated and jointed like the arms of a skeleton.

A ghostly light, causing her a slight shivering, as under the clear moonbeams the steamer swept past the place.

It was a relief to her when the boat got back again into darkness.

Only momentary; for then, under the shadow of the cypresses, amidst the fitful coruscation of the fireflies, she saw a face—the face of Charles Clancy! It was high up among the trees, on a level with the hurricane-deck!

It could only have been fancy? Clancy could not be there, either in the trees, or on the earth? The thing could only be a deception of her senses—a delusive vision, such as occurs to clairvoyants, at times deceiving themselves.

Hallucination or not, Helen Armstrong had no time to reflect upon it. Before the face of her false lover faded from view, a pair of arms—black, sinewy, and stiff—were stretched toward, roughly grasped her around the waist, and lifted her aloft into the air!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

A Man's Obstinacy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"IRENE, you are beautiful as a Hour!" Frank Delmar's eyes looked the admiration his lips so impulsively expressed, and pretty Irene Mountjoy blushed as her lover lifted a tress of her long, loose hair and kissed it ardently.

"I am glad if I am dressed to suit you, Frank; mamma said she heard you say you thought I would look well in light green." She gave a little stolen glance into the mirror as she spoke, and thought away down in her heart that she *did* look well.

A petite, exquisitely molded figure, complexion of clear pink and white, heavy brown eyelashes and brows that matched the luxuriant hair, a rose-colored mouth, where the small teeth occasionally gleamed, and a proudly-curved throat, were the charms she saw reflected in the glass, and that were heightened by the becoming green tulle dress—a perfect tumble of ruffles and puffs. A set of exquisite dead-gold jewelry—Frank's gift on their betrothal-day—collar and wristlets of creamy yellow lace, and white kids.

Frank Delmar loved her dearly—this winning, winsome little woman, whose white-lidded eyes were so appealingly raised to his handsome, intelligent face.

"I know you are going to crave something of me, Irene," he said, stooping lower than was absolutely necessary; but, then, her breath was always so pure and cool, and the touch of her delicate cheek was so nice! "I see it in your eyes, Irene; only before I say yes, you must coax me ever so much. I do love to be coaxed."

Frank threw himself back again in the angle of the sofa, his feet crossed, his hands clasped over his curly black hair—all ready to be "coaxed" by those sweet lips that could pout or plead, as the caprice willed.

Irene laughed, and, disregarding of the elaborate trimming on her dress, knelt down beside her selfish liege.

"I do so want you to let me have one round dance to-night, Frank. It's so long since I've danced a polka, or redowa, or galop, Frank!"

One would unhesitatingly have decided that the destiny of nations was at stake had they seen the earnest imploration in Irene's eyes, or the sudden blackening over of Frank Delmar's face.

"There!" added she, half disappointedly, half vexedly, "I just knew how you would do when I mentioned it. I do think you are unreasonable, Frank Delmar!"

And the lips pouted out in their scarlet beauty, till Frank could not help springing up and kissing them.

"Unreasonable am I, Irene, because it makes the cold chills run over me to see some other fellow's arm around your waist, and your dear face so close to his shoulder? Well, Rene, perhaps I am unreasonable, but I can't help it."

He smiled in her eyes, and she thought how handsome he was when he allowed that transient gleam of nice white teeth to show under the fierce black mustache; and with the same thought was the one that he was jealously reading.

"But other girls—swoony other girls, Frank, dances the round dances. I'm just sick of the Lanciers, and poky old quadrilles! I do believe I hate the German."

She could have been no more vehement had she been upholding the noblest cause that ever required to have voices raised in its behalf.

"And all because the only favor I ever have asked is that you reserve all your round dances for me, who, of all the men

in the wide world, has the *only* right to ask and receive the boon?"

He spoke a little sternly, and of all things, that most touched little Irene Mountjoy. So she drooped her fringed lids lower over her violet eyes, and glanced half timidly at him.

"But I would so like a polka, or—a—waltz, with—with—Mr. De Maury."

She had just pronounced the name, almost under her breath, when Frank jumped up from the sofa, a fiery wrath shining in his eyes, and the suggestion of terrible indignation in his voice.

"Rene! you would not dance with Tom De Maury—a rejected suitor!"

"Why not? isn't he as good as Lily Belleville?"

She looked him full in the face now, and his eyes grew blacker and blacker.

"He may be as good, but I never was engaged to Miss Belleville."

"Yet you dance round dances with her, while I must not with any one?"

She spoke triumphantly, as if her argument was unanswerable. But Frank evidently did not "see it" in the same light.

"Very true, Rene. I dance with Miss Belleville and other ladies, because you never offered any objection. If you disapprove, say so, and I'll never transgress again. Don't be angry with me, Rene."

He spoke with a tender, deprecating way, that went straight to her heart, but she was just a little too provoked to act upon it.

"I'm not angry, Frank, nor would I for a moment think of depriving you of your liberty."

But her voice was cold and constrained, and as Frank just then heard the carriage-wheels roll up to the curbstone, he decided to let the matter drop for the present.

"Come, dear, shall we go?"

She took his arm to the carriage, little dreaming of the fateful influences that were that night to control her.

Mrs. Kestrello's dressing-rooms were almost deserted when Irene Mountjoy went in to divest herself of wraps and furs, and take a last good look in the cheval glass.

Piles of outer robes lay on the lounges, and hung on the nails; and just as Irene hung her waterproof behind the door that led into the toilette chamber, the sudden mention of her own name made her pause in wonderment, and listen.

"It's unaccountable, positively, where he sees any attraction in Miss Mountjoy. I think she's too little for style, don't you, Nina?"

"Oh, some gentlemen prefer *la petite*, you know. However, I am glad I am not a giantess myself, or I should despair of winning the least regard from the only gentleman who will be here to-night that I care for."

"And that is Mr. De Maury, I know. Oh, Belle!"

Irene heard low laughter; then, after a second, another remark that sent the blood rushing to her heart.

"I've promised the third waltz to Frank Delmar, Nina. He's such a splendid dancer. They say he forbids his fair fiancée indulging in—"

And Irene lost the remainder of the sentence in the ringing of silk trails as the ladies descended the stairs.

"Belle Hawkins and Miss Foster—the conceited things! I'll teach them a lesson for their cool impudence," thought Irene, and she went to the foot of the stairs to meet Frank, with a deeper flush than usual on her cheeks, and a hard, cold glitter in her eyes.

That "third waltz" was not forgotten by her, but there was not even a shadow of reproach in her eyes, when Frank Delmar and Belle Hawkins passed her in the Strauss waltz, as she sat leisurely in a dim corner, Tom De Maury leaning over her chair, fanning her. She saw them, though, plainly enough; her lover, who obstinately refused to grant his permission for her to do what he was doing with his arm around Miss Hawkins' blue-sashed waist, and his hand holding hers; and Belle Hawkins, herself, the girl who everybody knew was "dying" for Tom De Maury.

As the two floated gracefully by, Irene remembered the cold criticism she had heard on herself; she thought how unreasonable Frank was; she made up her mind, of a sudden, that Frank should not kiss her over her; that Miss Hawkins should have the pleasure of seeing Tom De Maury more attentive to herself than Mr. Delmar's partner.

Then, with all her pretty piquancy of manner, she whispered to Tom:

"I've a notion to try that, Tom. Will you?"

His eyes shone brightly—he loved her yet so, and she would have been his had not Frank Delmar stepped between them.

"Oh, if you will, Rene! I will be so happy and honored. I would have asked you often, only—"

"You thought Frank wouldn't let me? Well, I see he is quite devoted to Miss Hawkins. Come, Tom."

And just as Frank Delmar bowed his partner to her chair, he almost started in astonishment to see Irene and De Maury slowly circle past him.

He was too thoroughly a gentleman to betray the slightest anger, but a volcano was ready to burst within him when he saw with what unconscious tenderness Tom De Maury supported her fair girlish figure, and how ravishingly content her face looked just over the shoulder of the man who once had been all in all to her!

At first Frank was only jealously indignant; an hour later, when the ice once broken, Irene had danced several polkas and waltzes with various gentlemen, he was deeply wounded and mortified; but when he went to her, just previous to the last Lancers that she had reserved for him days before, and found she had forgotten all about it, and promised to Mr. De Maury, he was enraged.

"As you please, Irene. But remember you owe me an explanation, at least."

"Which you'll never get," she retorted, hotly.

"You don't mean—you *can't* mean—"

"I mean what I say. Oh! Tom, I'm ready."

Frank's eyes flashed as she took De Maury's arm. Irene had called him Tom, too!

"She shall apologize, or—or—"

He didn't like the sharp pain that alternative caused him; or the blank agony in his heart when, twenty minutes later, he discovered that Irene and Tom De Maury had driven home together.

Three weeks later, and Frank had not seen Rene since. To-night he was walking

the floor of his room, a pale gloom on his face.

"Shall I, or shan't I?"

He had asked himself that same question hundreds of times in those days of misery, and he was no nearer answering it than the morning after Miss Kestrello's party.

Irene had wronged him, willfully, and deliberately. She had not offered the slightest explanation of her unaccountable conduct, and he—the wronged, the innocent—should he go and crave pardon for what she had done?

Of course that was not to be thought of; he was a man, and it was beneath him to tenderly, kindly show impulsive little Rene her fault, and take her to his breast and kiss and make up!

Had he only known all the heart-aches, all the tears, all the little penitential notes Rene had written and burnt! but he didn't; and, by degrees, Rene began to think Frank couldn't love her much, or he'd come to the house and give her a chance to fix it.

Then Tom De Maury, who had cut his wisdom-teeth, and heard of hearts being caught in the rebound, made his way while the sun shone.

And the next thing Frank Delmar knew—Irene's wedding-cards were sent to him! So he lost her, all through his obstinacy, and I am glad of it, for Rene was happy, and Tom a model husband, who was not stubborn as a mule.

Laura's Peril:

OR,

THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUFFERING.

ELTON ROBSART was highly pleased with the impression his daughter had made on Doctor Foster, and the remainder of his guests as well; he had heard her praised and flattered on all sides for the purity of her complexion, for the golden tints in her hair, for the suavity of her manner, her taste in dressing, and the sweetness of her voice.

He was very fond of his pet, and it gave him exquisite delight to hear her well-spoken of.

"Laura, darling," he said, when they were alone at last, "you have carried away the honors of the evening again, as you always do. You are an angel!"

"A very human angel, I fear," she replied, with a smile.

"But still an angel," he returned. "Why, to see you to-night, floating about in the drawing-room, no one in the world would take you to be more than twenty."

"You'll spoil me, Papa Robsart, with your flattery, if you go on in this style. Remember, I'm past thirty, by several rods, and am fast approaching mature old age and—"

"Tush! tush!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Don't talk of years. They have nothing to do with life, or the making of people old or young. If the heart is free from stain; if the conscience is clear, the years may come and go unheeded. No, no, the pure and innocent are always young."

These words rankled deep in that woman's heart, and after she had kissed Elton Robsart good-night, and had retired to her chamber, she sat for a long while at the open window, and conned them over in her mind.

"Alas! how little he knows of human nature," she muttered, at length—"how little he knows of the weight that is upon my conscience—of the scar, the deep, deep scar, that is upon my heart!"

She covered her face with her hands, and then came to the vision of Mabel Lynn—then, winsome Mabel—and again she burst forth:

"Oh, my darling, my precious! have I suffered you to remain dead to me, all these years for nothing? Is my self-denial to bear only bitter fruit? Is the sword of vengeance to fall and crush me, at last?"

She paused a moment, then went on again:

"And I must sit here, and wait for the hour of doom; as wretched as a criminal—as a murderer; wait to be spurned from the side of him who has been more than a father to me. Oh, I can never stand this. It will drive me mad—stark, staring mad. And then the court and jail, and—then the dreadful end!"

She could not stop scaffold; it was too shocking to frame into language; but she thought of it, and the thought almost made her frantic.

"I will steal away from here," she said, after a brief silence. "I will go away in the night, and they will think I've committed suicide."

The idea came to her quite naturally, and when she had uttered the words, she clasped her hands together, and cried—"That's it! I'll do that!"

But then she thought it probable that Dr. Foster had overheard something of what Sarah Rook had said in the garden; perhaps all, every word; and might he not repeat the whole story in assigning a cause for the perpetration of the rash act?

Nothing could appear more likely than this, and it made her sick at heart.

"I can not run away," she exclaimed, with something like desperation in her voice; to run away and have the whole story repeated to Elton in my absence, with no one to give my version, would be worse, infinitely worse, than remaining here, where I can meet charge with extenuation, and falsehood with denial.

There would have liked to have Mabel Lynn then, to fold in her arms, to kiss, to pet, and but for the fear of being apprehended by Sarah Rook's spy, she would have forgotten an excuse for leaving Robsart Place, in order that she might feast her eyes on the face of that girl whose reclamation had been the dream of many a weary year.

"I'm hedged in on all sides," she moaned, "driven to the wall, with no loophole of escape, nor any glimpse of bright sky beyond."

She threw herself on the bed, and it was daylight before she fell asleep.

The next evening Doctor Foster came over to Robsart Place, and met Laura on the colonnade.

"You are looking a trifle fatigued," he said, after the exchange of a few commonplace.

form, does not seem to agree with you, Mrs. Robsart."

"No," she answered, "I'm not used to parties and company. We have been so much abroad during the last fifteen years, and most of the time among strangers, that a company of a dozen persons appears to me like a very great crowd."

"I dare say; and yet, since the death of Mr. Robsart you've seen a great deal of pleasure, too."

She shook her head. "I've seen a great deal of sights; have traveled many miles; have been in Paris, London, Baden and Vienna, yet, after all, I have had but very little pleasure."

"Indeed! I should think that to a person of your impulsive temperament, and with your love of gayety, the continent of Europe would afford a great deal of pleasure."

Again she shook her head. "The heart must be unclouded, Mr. Foster, before any thing can be enjoyed. Nothing can please where there is no sense of enjoyment."

"True, but your grief has had ample time to spend itself in eighteen years. Besides, when you were married to Cleve Robsart you could not have been much more than a child."

"I was sixteen in October; we were married in December; but, I think I was a woman—that is, there was nothing of the silliness of girlhood about me when I was married."

"And yet, at times, you appear very girlish, even now," he replied, with a smile.

"I can hardly believe, sometimes, that you are Cleve Robsart's widow—or that Cleve, poor fellow! is dead at all."

A shadow flitted into her face, and she asked eagerly:

"Then you knew my husband—Cleve Robsart, did you?"

"Very well; we were college chums at Yale, and many a day we romped around this place, as boys do romp, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said, "and Cleve—he was older than you—eh?"

"Yes, three years; but I always looked older than I really was, while the reverse was the case with him."

Her eyes were sparkling as she rejoined: "He was very handsome, and manly, Cleve was."

"Yes! I suppose you loved him at first sight."

"No; I don't believe in such things," she said, a little seriously; "I did admire him though, as soon as I set eyes upon him, and when he showed a preference for me over all the rest of the girls in Bloomington, why, I believe I worshipped him. You see I was an orphan, and had no one else to love."

"But, you've had plenty of opportunities to love since, I venture to say, and it is almost a matter of wonder to me that you have not fallen a victim to a second passion."

She was pulling a blush rose to pieces as she answered:

"I have no desire to fill the vacancy in my heart that Cleve's death occasioned. I have a good home, a kind father, and a few friends; that is enough for me."

"And you will never marry again—you mean to say that?"

"Yes, sir," with great earnestness; "I mean to say, that I will never, never, marry again."

A silence fell upon them now; the last of the rose leaves fluttered to her feet, and he was beating his boots with his slender switch-like cane.

"You are an enigma," he said, finally.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"And why?" She was watching him closely.

"Because your manner and your words are so different."

"Different?"

"Yes, very much so."

"I don't understand you."

"When I say different, I mean that your manner would indicate that some person to love was a necessity with you; that your spiritual nature craved love, admiration, attention, just as your animal nature craves food; but your words seem to belie this altogether. You are quite content to live on the memory of a past affection?"

"Quite content," she replied.

"And yet, I presume, you and Cleve were not without your little difficulties too; you quarreled sometimes, didn't you?"

She answered with a gayety that was well assumed:

"Oh, yes; that is, we differed about trivial things, of course."

"Sometimes," he said, half-musingly, "those trivial affairs grew into great difficulties where both are impetuous and fiery."

"Yes," she admitted.

"I have even known a case where a murder resulted from a quarrel too insignificant to speak of."

She darted a quick glance at him, her heart standing still for the nonce, but he was looking up at the sky, with a listless air, and did not notice either the pallor that overspread her cheek or the fire that blazed in her eyes.

"The master, Mr. Elton, is very sick, milady, and he wants you to come to him right away."

It was Rebecca who spoke, and Laura, glad of the interruption, said:

"I trust you will excuse me, Mr. Foster."

"Certainly, oh, certainly; if it's anything serious, send over for me. Good-by! Mrs. Robsart, good-by!"

Rebecca lifted his hat to her, bowed, placed his cane under his arm, and sauntered off.

She watched him from the hall door until he disappeared from sight in a clump of dense shrubbery, then she muttered half-aloud:

"What could he mean by a trivial quarrel, and a murder? Perhaps, after all, he is Sarah Rook's spy!"

The bare suggestion made her almost faint, and it was some time before she could gain sufficient strength to totter into the chamber where Elton Robsart was lying.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM TIME TO ETERNITY.

PRICE was sitting at the head of the bed, fanning the old man, and Clowes at the foot, watching him.

Laura saw at a glance that he was very ill; his face was flushed, and great beads of perspiration were on his brow.

"This is very sudden, Price," exclaimed Laura. "Is he very ill?"

"Yes, ma'am, it's very sudden. He was complaining a bit after supper, and when I comes back here he was all of a heat, with pains in his back, ma'am."

Price resigned his seat, and Laura bent over the invalid like a ministering angel.

He opened his eyes languidly. "Is that you, Laura, pet?"

"Yes, papa; are you sick?"

He nodded his head, and the answer came back, feebly: "Yes, very—very."

She pressed her lips to his burning forehead, and answered, in his ear:

"Why didn't you send for me before? I was only out on the colonnade."

"I know, but I had Price and Clowes, and—and I thought you wanted to talk with the Doctor."

"I'm sure I'd have come to you, no matter who was there," she said, with a pout, and he, thinking she was jealous of the servants, said, patting her bowed head gently:

"I know you would, darling. You are too kind, altogether too kind."

Again she kissed him, and turning to Clowes, said:

"What's best to be done now?"

"His limbs are a-cold, milady," answered the woman, "an' 'is head's a

His eyes were glazing, and his breath was coming in quick, short gasps; still, that voice reached his senses, and, instinctively, he put his wasted hand in hers. "God bless you, Laura, my pet, my darling! You have been my guardian angel!"

Her tears fell faster than ever, and her sobs shook her whole frame.

"Put your face down, close, close to mine. There!" with an effort he pressed his lips to the round cheek.

"It's growing dark—let in the light—let in the light!"

On tip-toe Dr. Foster approached the window and drew back the curtains. The light flashed in, in a great flood of radiance, but the invalid saw it not; he was passing through the dark waters that girdle the earth about—going from time to eternity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NEW LOVE.

JOHN NEVIN slowly recovered. He had been very close to the boundaries of another world; in fact, for a time, his life was despaired of, but, thanks to the tender nursing he received from Alice, a sound constitution, and the old physician's skill, he improved until everybody could see that the danger was past; and there only remained a little careful attention on his own part to make him what he once was.

In those quiet autumn days which covered the period of his convalescence, he had time to think calmly of his infatuation for Laura. Robert, and it was then a new light broke in upon him. Scanning closely every word, every action of that beautiful woman, he could not find the slightest evidence of her ever having entertained any thing but a passing regard for him.

'Tis true she was always smiling when she met him, and apparently happy in his society; but, it was more than possible that she was the same gay, happy beauty in his absence; and now, he felt that he had permitted his passion for the first time in his life to obscure his judgment. Besides—and this, perhaps, had made him look so philosophically on the past—hadn't he learned to love Alice Houston with a more tender, if less passionate, love than that which Laura had inspired.

Laura was beautiful, dazzling, fascinating, and his love for her was partly admiration; but Alice was loving, gentle, self-sacrificing, and in those days of burning fever he watched eagerly for her coming, as if her presence had the power to free him from the pain that was almost driving him wild; while the flutter of her dress, and the pressure of her hand, pleased him more than any thing ever had before.

As he grew better, however, Alice became shy and retiring—more like her old self, and never went to the sick chamber unless on an errand, and on such occasions remained no longer than was necessary for the completion of her task.

John noticed this. It was very tantalizing to him to have her come in, speak a word or two, and steal out again, as if she was afraid of, or did not care for him; but, it made him look for her coming more eagerly, and, I think, added not a little to his love for her.

But John kept his peace until he was able to leave his room; then he determined to settle the matter forever.

Strange as it may appear, and confident as he was of victory, he hesitated to propound the all-important query. For the first time, he began to realize that he was a different man; that he lacked a certain quality of moral courage; that it was an awkward matter to get about, and, finally, he began to construe Alice's shyness as coyness, and he not infrequently found himself wondering if she had not learned to despise him for his hesitancy, while he was learning to adore her for her modesty.

He could have sat down and written to her the whole story—every word that was in his heart—with perfect composure, but, there was no excuse for that; it would look like cowardice, as if he was afraid to speak, and she might think meanly of him on that account.

About this time, George Dalby came to Oak Manor, and Mabel and he were everlastingly intruding themselves upon John and Alice, at the very moment the former was thinking about words to express his thoughts.

The whole affair was very aggravating to a sensitive man who had long passed the period of brass and boyhood, and he was growing desperate when, one evening—a beautiful October evening—he found himself alone with Alice in the drawing-room.

The sky was still bright with the pale light of day, but the shadows were dense in the apartment where the lovers sat.

"It's getting quite dark," said Alice, interrupting one of John's stories of the old world. "Excuse me, but we had better have some light, had we not?"

He caught her dress as she was rising. "No, please; there is plenty of light. I prefer the dimness."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; my eyes are not quite as strong as they used to be; the fever, it appears to me, has burned a great deal of their strength out."

"Oh, very well. I thought you preferred the light."

"So I do," he replied; "but not at all times, and not every kind of light. There is a garish blaze that dazes the sight; it is very brilliant, but it is bad in its effect; it ruins the eye it delights."

She did not speak, and he continued: "It is like a certain kind of beauty that intoxicates—makes one, as it were, drunk with passion, and we recover from its effects only to loathe it."

She knew why he spoke so earnestly, and this knowledge made her say: "And like liquor again, the inebriate often returns to the delicious poison. Disgust may only last while opportunity to indulge is lacking."

"But this shall not be so in my case," he said, abruptly. "I have tasted of the maddening bowl, but from henceforth, if you consent, dearest, I'll bask in a purer light."

She put up her hand deprecatingly.

"How do I know that this is not intoxication in a milder form? No, John, I will not permit you to fall into new meshes; you have suffered enough already."

"Then you do not love me—you do not respect me?"

She interrupted him. "Yes, I do. I love and respect you; have done so for many a day; but, after all that has happened, I think it only right—and this, remember, is for your security as well as mine—that we do nothing rashly."

He was astonished at the girl's wisdom.

"What I mean by doing nothing rashly is this: you have traveled a great deal—have

seen many faces—have been charmed by one; whatever came between you, I know not; but this I do know, that you came here without any affection for me; your heart was wholly hers. You have been very ill; you are yet little better than an invalid; you doubtless feel grateful to me for my attention to you during your illness; this has moved you to speak."

She paused for a reply, and John answered: "You are partly correct, Alice, but, only partly so. I came here, 'tis true, ignorant of your worth, of your nobility of soul, of the inestimable goodness of your heart, but these I have learned to appreciate; and now, Alice Houston, I love you—with my whole heart and soul."

The tears were coursing down her cheeks as she said: "And I have loved you this many a day."

His arms were about her; her head nestled for a moment upon his breast, then she continued, with an effort: "John, I am not satisfied with this: I am not confident, as I should be, that I have your entire affection, and I therefore have a suggestion to offer."

"Speak out," he replied—"speak freely." "I propose that, as soon as you are able, you will return to New York; then mingle with society, forget that we are any thing to each other, and if, at the end of six months, you find that you really love me—that this is not the dream of an invalid—why then—"

He interrupted her. "You will be my own little wife?"

"Yes."

"This, Alice, believe me, is an idle test—a romantic freak; but as you desire it, why then, of course, I consent."

She forgot, and I dare say he did, too, that they were on probation, for the next hour was spent in talking as only lovers can talk.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 95.)

Where He Got His Wife.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

LEE WORNE was the champion base-ballist of the Lone Star State, and the possessor of a magnificent bat, won by him in honorable encounters with associations deemed invincible.

For some time he had heard whisperings of a formidable rival in an obscure corner of the great commonwealth, and was one day astonished by a challenge to meet the new star at Galveston, and fight for the honors he had so nobly won.

He immediately accepted the gantlet, and the day of battle was satisfactorily settled.

To reach Galveston the challenged party, who lived quite a distance from any direct communication with the world at large, must necessarily perform a two days' journey in a rickety stage, passing one night in LeCompton, a county seat of some note and size.

One morning in September, 1870, just as the sun was peeping over the eastern hills, an old stage-coach, whose only passenger was Lee Worne, left a little Texan town on the old Galveston road.

The day promised to be extremely sultry, and the young man, after annihilating a country that could not afford a railroad or a decent traveling conveyance of any kind, settled himself back upon the wide seat, with his hat at his side and valise at his feet.

"I don't know for certain if we'll get to Compton to-night," said the dust-begrimed Jehu, looking in at the champion enjoying the wild sunset.

"Why not?" he asked, turning to the speaker.

"The right fore-wheel of this 'ere vehicle looks bilious. I'm afeard as how it'll hold out to Compton. P'raps it won't spoil untill we get to 'Blow's Tavern,' where there's a blacksmith and wagon-maker."

The coachman drew rein, and an examination of the wheel revealed the fact that it would soon break down. Lee re-entered the stage in no good humor, and bade the man hurry forward as fast as possible under the deplorable circumstances.

Again the great whip cracked over the horses' heads, and just as the fatigued animals halted upon a miserable-looking building known as 'Blow's Tavern,' crash went the wheel.

The young champion alighted, and took a survey of the place.

Until that moment he was unaware that there was such a gloomy place in his native state. If the tavern-story frame building was worth such a name, stood on the edge of a dark strip of timber, which looked as forbidding as the chasms of doom. Several low log-huts, the habitations of the smiths and carpenters' families, stood a short distance from the inn, and added to the repulsiveness of the place.

"Well, if I must, I reckon I must," said young Worne, with a faint smile, securing his luggage and entering the low bar-room, as the coachman busied himself at the vehicle.

A crowd of rough men filled the room, and every eye was turned to the champion as he entered their midst, and walked straight to the bloated landlord.

"What! ain't the young chap a-goin' to treat?" said one burly Texan to a companion, in a tone that reached his ears.

A "treat" the young man hurriedly thought, might ingratiate himself with the favor of the villainous-looking devils, and save his life.

Therefore, he bade the barkeeper supply the crowd at his expense, after which he requested to be shown his room.

The place where he was doomed to pass the night was any thing but secure. The door boasted of no fastenings, and the single bed was nailed to the floor! Every thing wore a suspicious look, but the delayed traveler said nothing, and after depositing his hat and valise beneath the bed, returned below to partake of a late supper.

Then, what seemed and did not seem to be the landlord's family came under his observation.

The middle-aged, corpulent and pock-marked visage, who eyed him intently while he and the coachman were discussing the cold victuals, proclaimed herself mine host's spouse; but the beautiful girl, with such a touchingly sad expression, who assisted them in the evening repast, regretting, in mellow tones, that she had nothing better to offer them, told our hero that she was not Arnold Blow's offspring.

Lee would have lingered at the girl's side and questioned her regarding her life in

such a wild country, had not the flashing eyes of Mrs. Blow informed him that his absence was, above all things, desired.

He rejoined the crowd at the dilapidated bar, and tried to make himself agreeable until his gold chronometer proclaimed the hour of ten, when, bidding them good-night, he took the candle and ascended to his room. Upon entering he discovered that some person had paid a visit during his brief absence, for his ornamental bed, instead of remaining beneath the couch, now lay across it.

"This is a familiarity which looks suspicious," murmured Lee, placing the candle upon the only chair—a blackless one, at that—the room contained. "If my nocturnal visitor had stolen the bat, he would have left me entirely defenseless, for I am otherwise unarmed."

He was about to place the stick at the head of his couch, preparatory to retiring, when his eye caught sight of words traced in pencil upon the newly-painted surface. "What does this mean?" he inwardly ejaculated, and walking to the light he read the following, written in delicate chirography: "Do not sleep to-night; your life is in danger!"

No signature was appended to the warning. It needed none to tell the menaced champion who was his guardian angel.

He did not disrobe. Grasping his bat and extinguishing the light, he stationed himself behind the door, resolving to watch and wait till the coming day.

He forgot, however, that the candle, and at last all was silent. Hour after hour waned, leaving Lee Worne behind the door.

Midnight passed with no startling developments.

About one o'clock there was a footstep on the stairs, at the head of which stood the door of the champion's chamber.

The step approached; another followed, and presently whispers just beyond the threshold fell upon the listener's ears.

"He sleeps like the hills," said the lowest of voices. "You lead the way, George. Don't be afraid of the door; Blow called the hinges while the chap was eatin' supper."

A moment later the door swung back slowly, noiselessly, and the head of a herculean Texan protruded into the silent apartment. The dim light of the stars, struggling through the cobwebbed panes, revealed that hideous head to Lee Worne, who, without a moment's hesitation, raised his bat, and brought it down upon the villain's skull with all his strength!

Then, before the three other would-be-murderers could recover their equilibrium, he sprung over the prostrate man, and dealt them scientific base-ball blows which sent them headlong down the steps.

The landlord hurried to the scene of conflict. The old rascal had been waiting in the bar for the quartette's return, and, fearing deserved justice, said: "Saved 'em right."

The trio making the rapid descent were badly punished; but the fourth scamp lay motionless with a crushed skull, which soon terminated his existence.

The young girl—Lee's preserver—suddenly appeared upon the ghastly scene, and beckoned him from the spot.

"When they recover from their defeat," she whispered, "they will kill you. Come with me."

He followed her to the gloomy stable, and two steeds, already equipped, presented themselves.

"LeCompton is but eight miles distant," she said. "Mount! I will guide you thither."

Without persuasion the young man threw himself into the saddle, and soon they were galloping over the loneliest of Texan roads. As they entered the suburbs of the town the girl drew rein.

"I must return now."

"What! go back to that place?" cried Lee. "No, no! Return with me to my home. I have darling sisters there who will love you for saving their only brother's life."

She listened to his entreaties, and "Blow's Tavern" has ever since missed its "guardian angel."

The fight for the championship at Galveston resulted in a signal victory for Lee Worne, and, although he returned home without the magnificent bat he took thence, he brought thither a smiling face, which today nestles near his heart.

Love and Sea-Lions.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

THE whale-ship *Carysle* was bound to the South Pacific Ocean for sperm whales. Right whales also were to be taken, if met with on the way.

The captain's daughter, Louisa Barton, accompanied her father for the voyage. She was a pretty girl—a blonde of seventeen, with clear, blue eyes, light, golden hair, and a lithe, supple figure, set off by matchless shoulders, and a round, flexible waist. She had a way of tossing her long curls back from her face, when the wind blew them over it, in a manner peculiarly bewitching, as you could then just catch a glimpse of only one of her rosy cheeks, and only one of her sparkling eyes.

Syd Grover, smacking his lips, used to stand and watch her for hours.

He was part owner of the ship, besides owning some property in New Bedford, where the vessel belonged. He trusted that Louisa Barton would ultimately become his property, too, as the captain, who had that curious respect for mere wealth, not often observed in this world, had promised his girl to Grover.

Louisa took every occasion to show Syd, who was a middle-aged, oily-looking fellow, with red, cork-screw curls, that she did not care for him.

He was not to be discouraged, however. At Rio Janeiro, where the vessel touched, a handsome young fellow named Howard Mott, was shipped as fourth mate. He was as trim a looking sailor as one would wish to see, with clear, hazel eyes, good features, and a long, curling mustache, which had never been waxed or soaped. He could run up the rigging quicker than any man aboard, and could furl the foretop-gallant-sail almost before you could say "Jack Robinson."

Besides these accomplishments, he was something of a scholar—enough so, at all events, to get along very well in the world, and more so than was required for hauling ropes.

The moment Howard saw Louisa, he became sad.

Among young people, in fact, this is usually the effect of love; and Mott being but twenty-one, was no exception.

Occasionally he would venture to speak to the pretty object of his regards. She would seem pleased, and always answer him kindly. He was not greenhorn enough to take this as proof of her liking him. Whenever the captain saw them talking together, he would frown, and, if Syd were present, he would commence to bite his cork-screw curls.

"Perhaps they know," thought Mott, "that she does not like me, which is the reason of their acting so."

Time passed. Howard's face brightened. Syd's face grew long.

One day—it was a clear morning—the ship lay becalmed so near Wellington Island, off the Patagonia coast, that the captain dropped his anchor, for fear of going ashore, within three ships' lengths of a line of rocks, extending parallel with the beach and communicating therewith.

All round these rocks, the shoals were littered with seals and sea-lions, some of the latter of enormous size, filling the air with their howlings.

Louisa having expressed a wish to obtain a new view of the uncouth monsters, the captain ordered the larboard boat lowered, and told Syd that he might take two men with him and go ashore with Louisa to look at the animals.

"Indeed, papa!" she exclaimed, changing her wishes with significant suddenness, "I do not care to go, after all!"

And she looked at the cork-screw curls. "You shall go, darter!" cried the captain, with a vengeance which almost blew Louisa into the boat, as it was being lowered.

She never liked to displease her father. So away went the boat ashore with her and the three men in it.

The captain walked forward, soon after, to attend to some work there. Chancing to glance into the forecabin—the scuttle being open—he saw Howard Mott intently looking at a gold locket, he had evidently taken from his chest.

The skipper knew it at once. It was his daughter's likeness, which she usually wore by a little chain round her neck, but which the skipper had missed therefor for a week past. He had asked her what had become of it, and she had colored and said she lost it.

He had never had occasion to doubt her word; and here was the locket in Mott's possession!

"Come up here!" screamed the captain; and so Howard came up, having first thrust the locket in his bosom.

"Where did you get that locket?"

Howard colored, but made no reply.

"Rascal! you stole it, or found it and kept it, which is the same thing."

"Captain, if any other man but you said this to me, I should knock him down—if I could," he modestly added.

"Give me back the locket!"

"No, sir," answered Howard, firmly.

"I'd die first!"

"Steward—my musket and handcuffs!" roared the skipper.

They were brought to him.

Just then there was a piercing scream. It came from shore, glancing toward which all aboard perceived that Louisa Barton had slipped from the edge of the bank, where she had been watching the sea-lions, and fallen right among them.

She was now seen to crawl upon a rock, about four feet above the water, and just out of reach of the monsters.

One of them, however, was endeavoring to get at her—had in fact got its ungainly flippers upon the top of the slanting rock, and was drawing itself up. It was an ugly-looking creature, with a large mane, enormous bistles, and sharp teeth; its length not less than six feet, and its breadth in proportion.

The other lions were all around the rock, so that the unfortunate girl could not seek safety in flight. Recovered from the momentary alarm, caused by her falling among them, they were glaring up at her with savage eyes, and mouths open.

Meanwhile, there stood Syd on the bank above, dancing up and down, and calling loudly for assistance.

"Down starboard boat!" screamed the captain, thrusting the handcuffs in his pocket.

It was soon down and manned—Howard Mott among the crew.

When half-way to the rocks, the captain saw the sea-lion lift its claws to strike down his girl.

He raised the musket which he had brought with him.

"God help her if I miss!"

"Don't fire!" screamed Syd. "You'll hit her!"

There was danger of this; but the captain fired. The bullet grazed Louisa's temple—the sea-lion remained unharmed!

"Oh, God! my child!" screamed the captain.

The monster had struck his girl down on the rock; its fangs were about being fastened in her throat.

Up jumped Howard Mott—lightning in his eyes.

He caught up a harpoon lying near, and sent the barbed steel whizzing full seven fathoms, straight through the body of the beast, which, with a baffled snarl, then fell crashing into the water.

Others of the monsters had now commenced crawling up the rock.

Without waiting to see if his shipmates followed, Howard sprang out, the moment the boat was near enough to the shoals, and fighting a passage through the howling ranks of the monsters, gained the rock.

Wounded and bleeding though he now was, he caught Louisa in his arms and bore her to the boat, assisted by his shipmates, now clearing a way for him among the herd of lions.

The captain strained his child to his bosom, when all had gained the boat. When he was through, Howard held out his wrists.

"Now the handcuffs, if you like," said he.

Instead, the captain embraced him.

"You have saved her life! I never saw a better darter."

Suddenly he drew away.

"The miniature," he said. "You will give it to my girl. I will forgive you for keeping the lost property, if—"

"Oh, papa!" murmured Louisa; "how can you? I gave it to him!"

The captain stared.

"You told me you lost it!"

"Yes; forgive me; because I was afraid the truth would get him into trouble."

"Upon my word," said the old skipper, "I was not aware matters had gone so far! And why," he added, to Howard, "did not you tell me she gave it to you?"

"Because I was afraid of getting her into trouble," answered Mott.

"You two are well-matched!" said the captain, shrugging his shoulders; "and as Syd has proved himself a coward, he shall never have my girl!"

This led the young people to expect something to follow.

When all—including Syd and his two companions—the latter having gone off hunting ducks' eggs, had known nothing of what had happened—were aboard, the captain put the hand of his daughter in that of Howard, right before the cork-screw curls.

"Here, take her!" he cried, blantly.

That was all he said, but it was enough. Howard married Louisa when they arrived home. The happy couple lay it all to the sea-lions, and never like to hear those creatures maligning.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

Young America on the War Trail.

THE BOY SPY;
OR,
THE YOUNG AVENGER.
(STAR NOVEL, No. 85.)

Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents.

RUPTURE.

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets, illustrating cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address: 59-ly. DR. J. A. SHERMAN, 697 Broadway, N. Y.

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, Gun Material. Write for Price List to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, etc., bought or traded for. Agents wanted. 76-20.

HOW TO FASCINATE and gain the respect, admiration, and loving love and affection of any person you wish. Mailed for 10 cents by O. T. MARTIN, Box 90, Hoboken, N. J. 95-61. alt.

Send Stamp for "Illustrated Book of Wonders." Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal street, New York City. 99-ly.

LEARN THY DESTINY!

A WRITTEN DESTINY, past, present and future, with a correct likeness, name and address of future husband or wife. Advice and lucky numbers given. All questions answered by the great Parisian Clairvoyant. State age, inclosing 25 cents, and a small lock of hair. Address S. P. ELVOSE, Box 62, Green Point, N. Y. 99-61.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at any thing else. Particulars free. G. STIMPSON & CO., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine. 91-ly.

YANKEECLIPPER.—Lively, Wide-awake, Rich and Easy Comic Paper, only 25c. a year; 12 Oroid Gold Pens free to every subscriber. Club Agents wanted. Specimen copy, premium list and catalogue of books for stamp. Address CLIPPER, Elsie, Mich. 108-11r.

Popular Hand-Books.

PUBLISHED BY
Beadle and Company, 98 William St., N. Y.

DIME SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Beadle's Dime Speakers are replete with choice pieces for the school-room, the exhibition, for homes, etc. They are drawn from fresh sources, and contain some of the choicest oratory of the day.

1. American Speaker. 8. Stamp Speaker.
2. National Speaker. 9. Juvenile Speaker.
3. Patriotic Speaker. 10. Spread Eagle Speaker.
4. Comic Speaker. 11. Dime Debater.
5. Electionist. 12. Exhibition Speaker.
6. Humorous Speaker. 13. School Speaker.
7. Standard Speaker. School Melodist.

Beadle's Dime Dialogues are adapted to schools with or without the imitation of a stage, and introduce a range of characters suited to scholars of every grade, both male and female. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, are already issued.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES.

The Dime Hand-Books for Young People cover a wide range of subjects, and are especially adapted to their end. They constitute at once the cheapest and the most useful works yet put into the market for popular circulation.

MY FIRST DECLAMATION

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The piece was a fine one to speak. My mother had made the selection. I had studied it over a week. Till I knew every word and inflection; I said it along with my prayers. And I made it my grace at the table. I spoke it on all of the chairs. And my father pronounced it most able. He told me I promised to be like Scissor-oh, who was a Roman. Like Demosthenes also, said he. An orator second to no man. He patted my head with much joy. And said, "It is certainly plain, sir. That you will be famous, my boy. Stand up there and speak it again, sir." So I walked round that house quite as proud. As a Roman would walk in the Forum. Whose wit had enraptured the crowd. And was conscious of mastery o'er 'em. And pennies were given, and candy. Bought and eaten, and then came the Friday. I knew that I had my speech handy. And I went to school dressed rather tidy. The family came, too; the front rows of seats were with visitors lined. I waited in easy repose. For my turn to come, quiet in mind; At last "Master Joe" rather got me; I rose up and went up the aisle. I felt as if some one had shot me. I stepped on the platform and bowed. To the blackboard, said "Oh!" and turned round. This started a smile in the crowd. And I let my eyes fall to the ground. Then I looked at my boots, which were new. Then longingly up to the ceiling. And every thing looked mighty blue. And I felt that my senses were reeling. I buttoned my coat at the throat. And scratched my head back of my ear. The speech it was further than Christmas. And I struggled up my shudders quiver. Then I thought that I had it, and said— Now I lay me, alas for my slum! I dropped on my knees, my head, And smiled with the ghastliest grin. I glanced at my father, who frowned; I glanced at my mother, who sighed; In misery I wringed around. Then I knuckled my peepers and cried. Fawwled on my visions of fame. All seemed as sick as a knife. And when I got home, oh, my father he gave me the conformedest worst licking— That ever I had in my life.

The King's Jealousy:
OR,
The Duke's Disgrace.

BY LAUNCE PONTZ.

The victory had been gained, the Italian Confederates had been defeated at Maginano, and the Chevalier Bayard had been honored by the request that his king should receive knighthood at the hands of the knight "without fear and without reproach."

Francis was much elated with his victory, and had ordered a great feast and tournament in honor of it.

He sat in his royal chair in the great pavilion, awaiting the arrival of the young queen, with her ladies, to preside over the tournament, and, to tell the truth, somewhat impatiently.

Beside the throne, in an attitude of obsequious respect, stood the Chevalier Claude de Vaudrey. He had just said something to the king, which apparently troubled the latter, for his face clouded, and he sharply remarked:

"Messire de Vaudrey, you forget that the French king is not a shopkeeper of the Faubourg St. Antoine; but a knight, made by the hand of the first knight on earth. 'Tis a knight's duty to wait his lady's pleasure, however long she keep him; not to count the minutes, as if she were an errand boy, loitering on a message."

De Vaudrey bowed low, and answered, in a subdued tone:

"Far be it from me to criticize her majesty, sire. My remark was not about the queen. Her majesty is only too good and kind to all at court, for any to speak about her. But the Constable, as your majesty knows, is apt to bore ladies, and keep them chattering. And your majesty sent him, full half an hour ago, to announce to the queen that the sports awaited her presence."

De Vaudrey was the king's close favorite, or he would never have dared to say as much. The king was hot-headed and kind-hearted, but very jealous. He caught at the hint.

"Tell me what thou meanest, Claude," he said, in a low voice, shifting uneasily on the chair. "I know thou lovest me, or thou wouldst not dare to speak against Bourbon."

"Against the Constable de Bourbon?" said De Vaudrey, in affected surprise. "What could a simple gentleman like me say against the first noble in France? I can say nothing. I know how long my life would be safe in the dark, if it came to his ears, that I had spoken against him. Your majesty knows that well. But this I will say in your majesty's ear; watch him when he enters, and pardon poor Claude de Vaudrey for the over-anxious love that prompts his speech. Hark! they come."

Even as he spoke, the trumpets without sounded a grand flourish, and the curtains of the pavilion were caught up as if by magic.

The Chevalier Bayard and a crowd of nobles took their places round the tent, and a chamberlain announced, in a loud voice:

"HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN!"

Francis half rose from his chair, with the instinct of chivalry, to receive the queen, and then, as suddenly, sat down again, with his head turned sharply toward the entrance, and an eager, suspicious frown upon his face. Claude de Vaudrey drew back a step and looked in the same direction, with bowed head, a watchful look on his crafty countenance.

The next moment the tall form of the Constable de Bourbon, in his uniform as captain of the king's musketeers, appeared at the entrance, and on his arm was the young queen. Pages and ladies followed behind.

The haughty head of the handsome Constable was turned toward his beautiful partner, a smile on his face, as if he had just finished speaking.

The queen cast a quick glance at the king, and blushed and looked down, as she passed the side of the throne. It was not the first time she had met that jealous look.

Bourbon had not seen it. He came to the front of the throne, and calmly addressed the king:

"I have obeyed your majesty's orders," he said. "I have the honor to resign her majesty, the queen, into your royal hands."

The queen raised her eyes, and met the cold glance of the king.

"I must crave your majesty's pardon," she said, smiling, "for keeping you waiting; but, you know 'tis a woman's privilege to loiter, and a knight's to forgive her any thing she asks."

She had recovered herself in the little pause, and looked as if she expected the king to rise. To her surprise, he remained seated and covered.

"You have loitered long, madam," he said, sharply. "The next time we will send some cavalier less likely to detain you. 'Tis not the first time we have had to remind the Constable de Bourbon that the king of France does not wait, even for the queen."

Bourbon flushed deeply. For a few minutes there was a silence as of the grave in the pavilion. The courtiers perceived something was wrong. The Constable was the greatest General of his time, and had been the principal agent in the previous day's victory. His careless gaiety and tendency to gallantry had made him an universal favorite in the court, with none more than the young queen. Only the insidious hints of a De Vaudrey, however, could have made any harm of his courtesy to the royal lady.

The king sat looking at him as if he expected him to reply; and the Constable, blood relation as he was to royalty, did reply.

"Your majesty did not find that fault with me yesterday," he said, respectfully, but firmly. "Your majesty shall never have cause to do it again, on the honor of Charles of Bourbon."

"We hope not," said the king, somewhat mollified by the allusion to yesterday's battle. "We hope not, cousin of Bourbon. Let the sports begin. Madam, please you to take your place. The Constable of France will escort the queen to her seat."

"And is not your majesty coming with me?" asked the queen. She did not like the tone of his last words, nor the sarcastic smile that accompanied them.

"We prefer to tilt as a simple knight to-day," said Francis, coldly. "Bourbon knows his duty, and seems to love it well. The king will not come to the lists to-day. Francis of Orleans may, and let Charles of Bourbon look to his stirrups."

Bourbon bowed haughtily.

"I will tilt my best, your majesty," he said, quietly. Then he offered his arm to the queen, with the same princely grace as before, and the two swept from the pavilion to the lists.

Francis looked angrily after them, and De Vaudrey bent his head and slipped the insidious whisper into the king's ear:

"Your majesty sees. I was right."

Francis made no answer till the tent was

stirrup now, for Charles of Bourbon is on his horse before thee."

De Vaudrey silently nodded and retired to the end of the lists. Bourbon closed his vizor, and both champions poised their lances. The next moment, with the speed of two flying arrows, they shot forth from either end of the lists, and met together in the center with the shock of a thunderbolt.

Both lances flew to shivers at the same moment, and De Vaudrey reeled in his saddle, while Bourbon sat erect as a tower. Then both caught up their battle-axes, and flew at each other like two angry tigers.

In a moment more the strength and skill of Bourbon brought the battle to an end. He was unequalled with the battle-axe. His third blow lighted on De Vaudrey's vizor, and the force of the shock smashed it in, and broke the laces of the helmet, which rolled to the ground, disclosing the features of the king himself covered with blood.

Bourbon dropped his battle-axe in dismay.

"The king!" he faltered.

"Ay!" said Francis, in a low tone of fury. "And he shall pay thee for that blow, Charles of Bourbon!"

How he did, a sequel will show.

Border Reminiscences.

Davy Crockett at the Alamo.

BY CAPT. BRUNN ADAMS.

It has been a disputed question as to how many of the Texans escaped the sword the day upon which the *Alamo* fell, some stating the number to be three, others but two, while some declare that there was no living soul left to tell the story of that fearful massacre.

The second statement, however, is the true one, there being two persons spared, one of them the little child of a Texan officer, and the other its nurse, a negro woman.

From the lips of this single witness, for the child was far too young to know aught of what occurred, the world has learned all it will ever know, save through Mexican sources, and they can not be relied upon, of what transpired after the soldiers of Santa Anna had, by sheer weight of numbers, won their bloody way inside the walls.

Three separate times that day did the Mexican commander hurl his picked col-

lones who stood between her and almost certain death go down, one by one, before the overwhelming throng that hemmed them in.

But there was one, said the old nurse, and her dusky face lit up with enthusiasm as she spoke, who, even amid these men who were all heroes, so enchained her attention that for the time being she forgot all else, even her own peril.

A strong, active and sinewy form, clad in well-worn buckskin, now blackened and grimed with powder and smoke, wielding a long, heavy rifle-barrel, for the stock had long since given way, raging back and forth in the fight, now here, now there, like an uncaged lion.

Once she saw him beset on every side. They beat him down and continued to rain blows upon him, and she thought this bravest of them all had met his death at last. But he arose, staggering, almost blinded with blood, which he cleared from his eyes, and then, renewing the combat, he fought so fiercely that the cowards bore back affrighted and sought other and less dangerous opponents.

Still these gallant men continued to fall, one by one, until at length but five were left, and these, back to back, stood in the center of the square and piled up around them a ghastly barricade of the corpses of their foes.

Three are left, then two, another falls, and that figure clad in well-worn buckskin, which the smoke and heat of battle had blackened, stood alone in the midst of the masses that surged around him.

The heavy steel barrel, impelled by the tireless arms, swept round and round in wide circles, scattering the yelling herd right and left as he made his way to the southern angle of the walls.

It was literally cutting a *swath* through the dense crowd that obstructed his passage to the point at which he had determined to make his last stand and die.

And now as he slowly, inch by inch, fought his way, he began to scoff and jeer and make sport of the "yaller-bellies," taunting them with that most difficult to bear of all epithets, cowards, or bidding them send for their reserves that they might end the conflict, and be done with it.

In this manner, said the old colored woman, he finally reached the spot he sought, and there he faced about, and told them to come on, as he was growing wearied of their "child's play."

So grand had been this man's courage, so



THE KING'S JEALOUSY.

lums against the little fort, defended only by a handful of men, while their leader, the gallant Travis, lay stretched upon a sick couch, only to be rolled back, crushed and bleeding by the terrible fire of those deadly Texan rifles.

For the fourth time the "veterans of Mexico" were pushed forward at the point of their officers' swords, this time successfully. Not that the garrison were conquered, but by reason of the total exhaustion of ammunition, not a single round being left in powder-horn or bullet-pouch.

Then began a scene that even the bloodiest massacre ever perpetrated by unrelenting savage could not equal for devilish ferocity and tiger-like thirst for blood.

Early in the action the faithful nurse, with her little charge, sought safety in the upper room of a small stone building that stood in one angle of the wall, and from a narrow window watched the conflict that was raging in the square beneath.

As the Mexicans poured their masses over the shattered walls, the now almost defenseless garrison, clubbing their rifles or drawing their keen-edged bowies, met the shock and instantly closed in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle.

"No quarter!" was the cry as the victors surged forward, but it was a useless threat: none was asked, none desired.

There was, said the old woman, not a single cry for mercy heard, unless, indeed, it came from Mexican lips, but, with stern set faces, and lips constricted in desperate resolve, the Texans fought silently on and with terrific effect.

Soon the inclosure became strewn with dead and dying, and the watcher saw that where there lay one figure clad in buckskin or homespun there were twenty showing the gaudy uniform of the Mexican soldier.

Colonel Bowie had placed his back against the wall, and with the desperate weapon that he had himself invented, and which bore his name, he drew a charmed semicircle in front that none could cross, and which was only invaded by the far-reaching weapons of the Mexican lancers.

The stalwart McIntyre with his clubbed rifle swept the field before him, as does the skillful cradler the ripened grain of the harvest field.

Colonel Travis, dragged from his bed, had grasped a dress sword, and though weakened by a mortal sickness, he plied the light weapon until, as he sunk under many wounds, it was crimson to the very hilt.

And so throughout the brief but terrible combat that raged in the confined space, the nurse remained at her post and saw

unflinching his spirits, so deadly the long deadly battle made, that, even these half-civilized warriors from the mountains and valleys of Mexico, paused a moment ere they made their last assault, and gazed upon him in open admiration.

At that moment an officer of the staff dashed up, and ordered that the Texan be taken alive.

A grim smile flitted across the backwoodsman's bronzed face, and, with a slight shake of the head, he swung his weapon up, and the fight was renewed. Of particulars here the watcher could give none. All she saw was a confused mass of struggling, writhing, shouting men, above whose heads the heavy rifle-barrel rose and fell with the regularity and force of a trip-hammer.

More than once the yelling crowd broke and bore back, affording her a momentary glimpse of that blackened figure, now bloody from head to heel, still standing close within the angle of the wall, and still sweeping the space before him with his weapon of death.

Men had fallen at every stroke, and lying where they fell the ghastly pile grew to such proportions as to obstruct the movements of the attacking forces, while it afforded a slight advantage to him whose single arm had built it up.

But it was not possible for this to continue longer.

Even the iron sinews of this truly wonderful man grew wearied, and the strokes that had so long fallen with deadly effect, grew more and more feeble.

Then it was that the final rush was made.

For an instant there was profound silence while the compact mass surged and struggled; then, a loud, clear yell, and once more the assailants parted right and left, exposing for the last time the hard-pressed man.

The rifle-barrel was no longer in his hand. In its stead he held the long, straight sword of a Mexican infantry officer, from whose grasp he had torn it, and who was standing, as if bewildered, just without the semicircle of prostrate forms.

Such was the tableau witnessed by the watcher from the window; and an instant only it remained; and then, with the same clear, ringing yell, the Texan leaped forward, and with the singular cry of, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" passed the treacherous blade, from point to hilt, through the officer's body, and with him, side by side, fell to the earth a corpse.

And so died Davy Crockett, the "Hero of the Alamo."

Short Stories from History.

Cool.—We all know of the Admiral Howe who gave us some trouble with his big ships, in our struggle for independence, but his personal traits are not so well appreciated as they should be. One of these traits this incident illustrates:

Admiral Lord Howe, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him, with great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon hear a further report of the matter." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed:—"You need not, sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" exclaimed Howe, "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life," and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks!"

Wresting Victory from Defeat.—As a still further proof of this great naval officer's splendid courage, we have this most interesting reminiscence:

In Earl Howe's engagement with the French fleet, on the 1st of June, 1794, the Marlborough, by intrepidly breaking the enemy's line, became totally dismasted, and in that situation dropped with her stern on the bows of a French eighty-four, whose bowsprit came over the Marlborough's poop. The Frenchmen were preparing to board, though with evident reluctance, when an English sailor of the name of Appleford, who, beforehand with them, mounted their bowsprit, and with his cutlass boldly leaped upon their forecastle, which he not only took possession of, but forced his adversaries to fly for safety into the waist of the ship; a French officer observing the uncommon behavior of the British tar, rushed from the quarter-deck, to reproach so many of his men for running away from one; and to convince them of his own honor, instantly commenced an attack upon Appleford, who, however, was fortunate enough to conquer him. His situation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it best to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time assisted on the spot by any of his countrymen; with this intention he again mounted the bowsprit, and by courageously springing from it, reached the poop-deck of his own ship at the moment when the vessels were drifting from each other.

During the confusion of the battle, the Marlborough was taken by several English ships for a Frenchman, more particularly so, as the whole of her colors had been shot away but one white ensign, which was then hoisted. This circumstance occasioned much destruction from the fire of those ships who fell into the mistake. At length the solitary ensign was also shot away; and by this circumstance the honor of England for a moment appeared to suffer. From the impossibility of replacing the colors, it seemed as if the ship had struck to the French, an idea which operated so strongly on the mind of Appleford, that he loudly exclaimed, "The English colors shall never be doused where I am!" Then casting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the dead body of a marine, who had been shot through the head; he immediately stripped off his red coat, stuck it on a boarding pike, and exalted it in the air, swearing that the Englishmen would not desert their colors, and that when all the red coats were gone, they would hoist blue jackets. The singularity of such conduct infused fresh spirit into the hardy sons of Neptune, and they bravely fought till the glorious moment when the terrific struggle ended in victory.

The Great Suvaroff.—This celebrated Russian General won his fame by his remarkable deeds. His history reads like that of a medieval hero. As fierce as a Hun, and as devoted to his country as a crusader, he stands forth in Russian annals a figure of representative grandeur. This incident betrays the character of the man.

In the campaign of 1799, Suvaroff having passed St. Gothard with the Russian army, found himself surrounded by difficulties of the most appalling description. His soldiers, worn out with cold and fatigue, found new enemies to contend with in every direction. The Cossacks were compelled to dismount, as their horses became useless, or, falling over precipices, were lost in the snow; and the horrors of their situation were powerfully increased by the absence of all intelligence of what was passing elsewhere.

Suvaroff then attempted to push forward into the valley of the Reuss, and arrived at what is called the Urnerloch, a dark cavern, eighty yards long, through which it was necessary for his troops to defile, in order to reach the Devil's Bridge, by a steep declivity. This bridge connects by a single arch the rocks which run along the two sides of the valley, and over it the way leads to the left bank of the Reuss. The arch was sprung; and the French posted their batteries opposite mountain, by a continued fire, rendered its repair impossible, and commanded not only the outlet, but also the entrance of the Urnerloch. The first Russian battalion gallantly advanced into the cavern, and were completely swept away. The rest of the column followed, and as the shot of the enemy poured in thick upon them, all were hurried pell-mell into this natural vault.

The foremost were thrust forward by those in the rear, and thus became exposed to the murderous fire kept up from the other side, or fell over the rocks into the abyss beneath. At last, Suvaroff resolved to do what a General less regardless of his soldiers' lives would have done at first; namely, to turn the enemy's flank by a circuitous route, an attempt which seldom fails among mountains, as the adversary rarely has sufficient time, or advantage of ground, to guard himself against it. A ford above the bridge was accordingly tried by the Russians; they threw themselves breast high into the impetuous stream, gained the heights on the opposite side, and drove the French from their positions. The Devil's Bridge was repaired by trunks of trees and planks, and Suvaroff reached Wasen in the evening of the same day.

Individual Prowess.—At the siege of Durazo, in the war between Caesar and Pompey, Cassius Sura singly maintained an important position against the whole force of the enemy, until Caesar came to his relief. He lost one of his eyes, was wounded in the shoulder and thigh, and had no less than one hundred and thirty arrows sticking in his shield!